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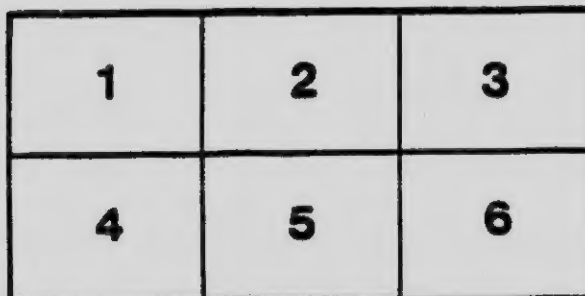
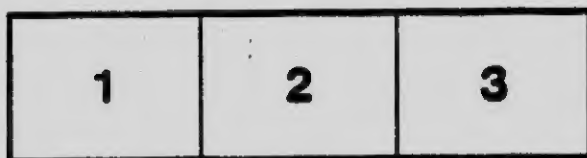
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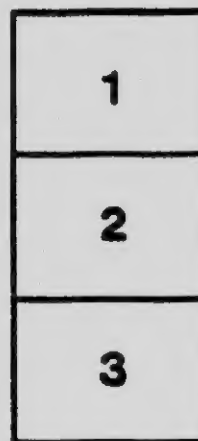
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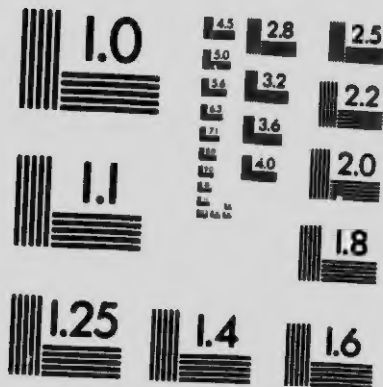
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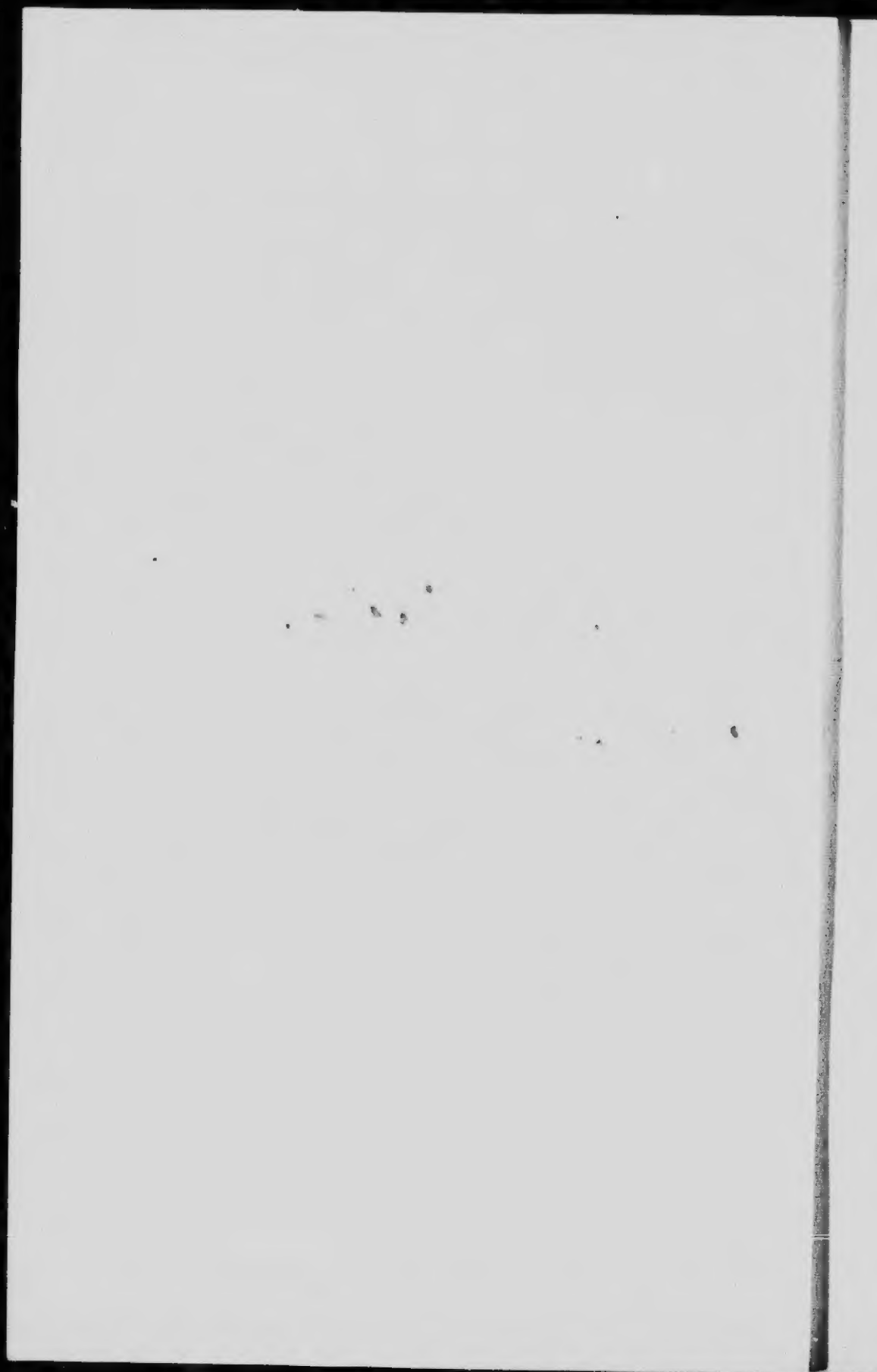
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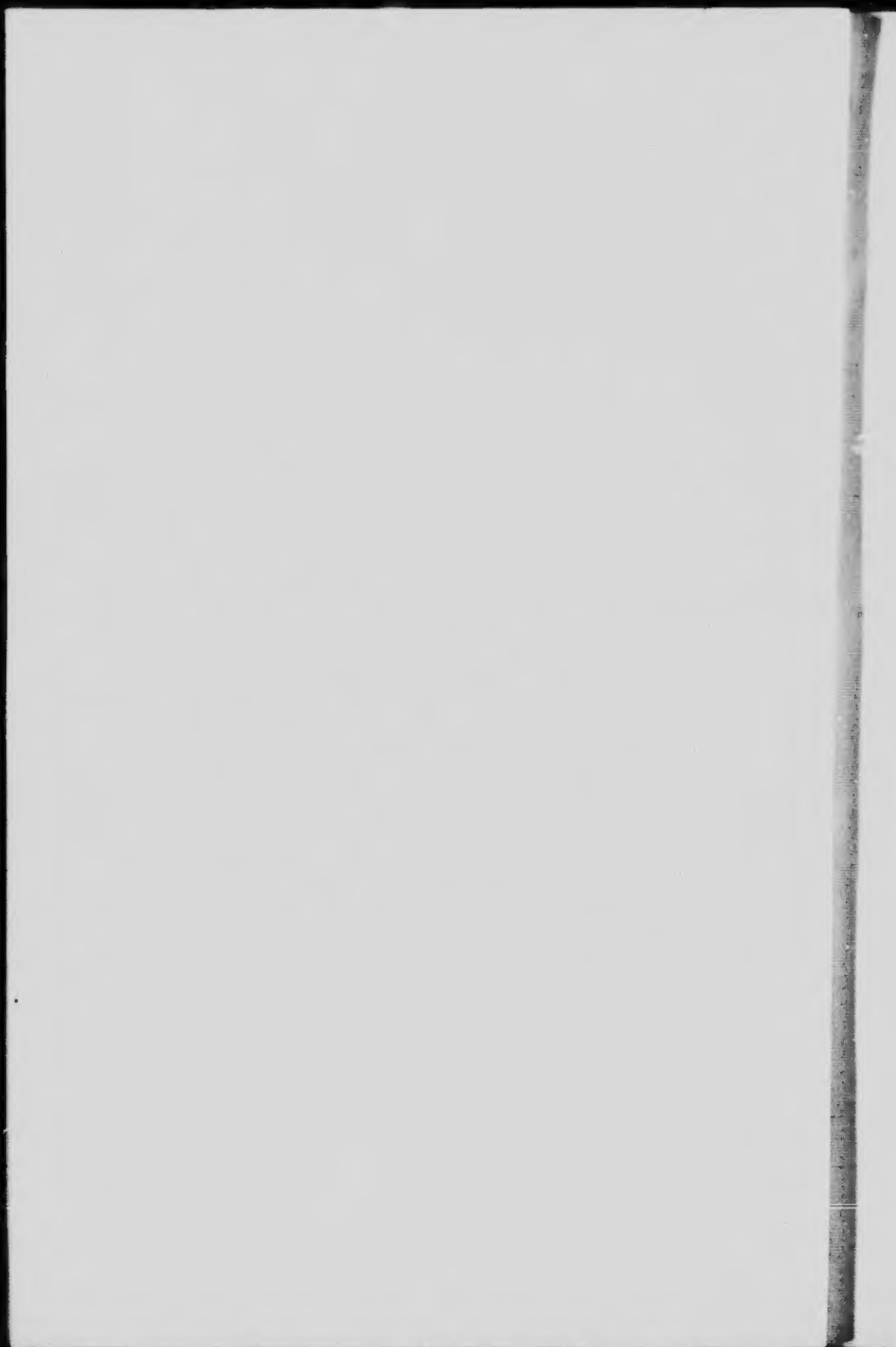


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MEMOIR
OF
THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES PAGET, G.C.H.





THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES PAGET, G.C.H.,

My Grandfather.

*Vice-Admiral of the **White**, and Commander-in-Chief of the American
and West Indian Station, 1837-1839.*

(From a picture in my possession.)

MEMOIR

The Hon.

Charles Paget, G.C.H.

1830

1890

1890

1890

REMEMBRANCES

OF HIS FAMILY

BY VERNER CLARENCE PAGET, D.D.

PRINTED

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIDGE
1911



THE HONORABLE SIR CHARLES AUGUSTUS
 MURRAY
 K.C.B. F.R.S. F.R.S.E. F.R.S.M. F.R.S.N. F.R.S.L. F.R.S.C. F.R.S.I. F.R.S.E.
 F.R.S.M. F.R.S.N. F.R.S.L. F.R.S.C. F.R.S.I. F.R.S.E.
 F.R.S.M. F.R.S.N. F.R.S.L. F.R.S.C. F.R.S.I. F.R.S.E.

A MEMOIR
OF
The Honourable Sir Charles Paget, G.C.H.
(1778-1839)

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE *WHITE*,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE NORTH AMERICAN AND
WEST INDIAN STATION

AND

REMINISCENCES
OF MY LIFE AND FAMILY

BY
THE VERY REVEREND EDWARD CLARENCE PAGET, D.D.
DEAN OF CALGARY

PRIVATELY PRINTED

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1911

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PREFACE

I HAVE for a long time wished to gather up the few scattered memorials, old letters, and pictures, which have remained to us concerning my grandfather.

As a naval officer he was at sea so much of his life that there were not the opportunities for the general public to become acquainted with his person and actions as in the case of his distinguished brothers.

The generations pass: in a few years the younger race will know nothing of the great deeds of their forefathers, and therefore it seems to me right to bind up in a fairly permanent form some of the few records of his gallant life which have come down to us.

The Reminiscences which follow are printed purely for my own satisfaction and that of my nearer relations.

CALGARY, September, 1911.

E. C. PAGET.



CONTENTS

Introduction	PAGE 11
Memoir of Honourable Sir Charles Paget, G.C.H.	15
The Frigate <i>Endymion</i>	44
REMINISCENCES.	
CHAPTER	
I. My Father and Mother	51
II. Swithland	56
III. We Settle in Canada, 1856	59
IV. We Return to England	65
V. Our Return to Canada, 1862	71
VI. Steppingley	78
VII. Hythe, 1867-1869	84
VIII. London and Oxford	92
IX. My First Tramp Abroad	100
X. Cuddesdon, 1875	104
XI. Ordination and First Curacy	108
XII. Later Days at Frampton Cotterell	112
XIII. The Summer and Autumn of 1878	115
XIV. The Principalship of Dorchester	116
XV. Chaplaincy s' Kandersteg	121
XVI. Removal to Canada and the United States	125
XVII. Our Summer Holidays	130
XVIII. Revelstoke, 1899, 1900	137
XIX. Later Years at Calgary	146
XX. Visit to England, 1910	152
APPENDIX	153



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES PAGET, G.C.H. <i>Frontispiece.</i> My Grandfather, Vice-Admiral of the White and Commander-in-Chief of the American and West Indian Station, 1837-1839. (From a picture in my possession.)	16
A GALLANT RESCUE The frigate <i>Endymion</i> , Captain the Honourable Charles Paget, rescuing French line-of-battle ship, circ. 1804. (The original picture, by Schetky, hangs in the United Service Club.)	18
THE HONOURABLE LADY PAGET My Grandmother (née Elizabeth Araminta Monck). (From a miniature in my possession.)	20
THE "BRILLIANT" (Captain the Honourable Charles Paget), chasing Spanish schooner into Ferrol, three Spanish warships inside, 1806. (From a picture in my possession.)	22
FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY TO HIS NEPHEW HENRY, SON OF SIR EDWARD PAGET	24
FAIR OAK The home of Sir Charles Paget, where all his children were born. (From an engraving in my possession of circ. 1850.)	28
THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY My Great-Uncle, who commanded the cavalry at Waterloo. (From a picture in my possession.)	30
SWITHLAND CHURCH AND RECTORY, LEICESTERSHIRE My father's parish for fifteen years, and our early home. (From a picture in my possession.)	51
THE REV. EDWARD JAMES PAGET My Father, circ. 1841, illustrating the clerical dress of the period.	55
EMMA CATHERINE PAGET My Mother, second daughter of Major-General Thewles, circ. 1841.	56
HORATIO EDWARD PAGET My Eldest Brother, aged circ. six years. (From a painting in my possession.)	58
EDWARD RAVENSCHOTT, ESQ. My Great-Grandfather, at Portland Place, London, 1825. (From a painting in my possession.)	60
LADY HENRY PAULET My Mother's Aunt, of Little Testwood.	61

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS HEREFORD	PAGE 68
My Mother's First Cousin and my Godmother.	
REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE PAGET, C.B.	72
My Father's First Cousin and my Godfather, some time Secretary to the Admiralty and M.P. for Sandwich. (From a picture in my possession.)	
MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES THEWLES	78
My Godfather, commanding the Western Division of England at his death. (From a miniature in my possession.)	
MRS. LYON	86
My Aunt, eldest daughter of General Thewles.	
MARY LYON	90
My Cousin, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lyon.	
THE REV. EDWARD JAMES PAGET	94
My Father, when Rector of Steppingley, circ. 1865.	
EMMA CATHERINE PAGET	96
My Mother, circ. 1861.	
MRS. ELIZABETH DENT	98
My Cousin.	
A. FITZCLARENCE PAGET	100
My Cousin, son of Captain Charles Paget.	
HOWARD PAGET, Esq.	108
My Second Cousin, of Elford Hall, Staffordshire.	
ELFORD HALL AND CHURCH	112
Where my father's cousin, the Rev. Francis Paget, so long ministered.	
HORATIO EDWARD PAGET	118
My Eldest Brother, Lieutenant in the 87th R. I. Fusiliers, circ. 1868.	
FANNY ELIZABETH PAGET	120
Eldest Daughter of Rev. E. J. Paget. (Taken at Exton, 1897.)	
CHARLES BERKELEY PAGET	124
Of Revelstoke, B.C., second son of Rev. E. J. Paget.	
SISTER ELEANOR CAROLINE PAGET	134
Second Daughter of Rev. E. J. Paget. (Taken at St. Mary's, Br adstair, 1908.)	
FREDERICA MARIA PAGET	140
My Youngest Sister, afterwards Sister Frederica.	
THE VERY REVEREND EDWARD CLARENCE PAGET, D.D.	148
Dean of Calgary, youngest son of the Rev. E. J. Paget.	
SHANTY BAY CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD	158
A little to the right is the cross marking the graves of Miss F. E. Paget and the Sister Frederica M. Paget.	

INTRODUCTION

MY EARLY HOME.

PICTURE to yourself a little country village in the Midlands of England, in the centre of which stands an old grey stone church to which some dignity is lent by a good tower surmounted by four pinnacles, of which my childish memory retains a vivid impression. It is curious to remember that as I grew older I used to look at churches with towers, always hoping to see four graceful pinnacles as in the Swithland church, but nearly always being disappointed.

The interior of the church was of the veritable eighteenth century type. On the north side of the nave was reared up a small and rather modest "three-decker"; in a chantry on the south side stood the Squire's pew in all its majesty, with servants' seats adjoining. The chancel was partly occupied by the Rectory seats, and the altar was of the most mean and bare appearance. The nave was filled partly by the pews of the neighbouring gentry, partly by those of the farmers and labourers.

Separated from the church and graveyard only by a hedge of laurel or privet came the Rectory garden, which was always bright with the flowers of the season, for my father was a famous gardener, and his grapes were quite renowned for their excellence

throughout the neighbourhood. The garden ended in a shrubbery of laurels through which a path ran right round, and beyond was a ha-ha dividing the garden from a meadow where our cows were grazed. Some fine trees surrounded church and rectory, and one of these, a magnificent oak rising at the foot of the garden, cast the shade of its splendid branches over a wide circle. The oak I perfectly remember as a child of three or four, and it was still standing and very little changed when I revisited Swithland in 1901. Immediately in front of the Rectory spread a wide space of gravel where my older brothers and sisters used to play "Tom Tiddler's Ground" and various other games, and upon which opened the front door and the windows of dining-room, drawing-room, and study. The visitor entering the front door found himself in a long and fairly wide hall, from which at either end opened drawing-room and dining-room, while a baize swing door at the back closed the passage to the kitchen and servants' quarters. This hall was an ideal place for games in wet weather, and afforded especial facilities for "Battledore and Shuttlecock," in which game my father in his leisure moments proved himself an expert, and he and my eldest brother, Horace, would keep the shuttle flying from end to end for a fabulous number of times.

Out of doors Archery was then the fashionable pastime, and Archery Meetings were great features in the Leicestershire country life.

INTRODUCTION

13

From the centre of the hall a good staircase led to the upstairs rooms, and it is a curious instance of the retentiveness of child memory that although I was only four years old when we left Swithland in 1856, I recognized the position of my mother's room and of the nursery quite accurately when revisiting my birthplace for the first time in 1901. This was the quiet and beautiful home of my childhood, and here all the six children, three girls and three boys, were born; and, as the old Register attests, were baptized in the Parish Church by my father, the Rev. Edward James Paget, who was the Rector.



MEMOIR OF MY GRANDFATHER
THE HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET, G.C.H.
VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE *WHITE*

My grandfather, the Hon. Sir Charles Paget, G.C.H., Vice-Admiral of the *White*, was a gallant and distinguished officer even in those days of the long-drawn-out French and Spanish wars, when Britain reared such a host of naval heroes. He was one of those remarkable brothers, all of them distinguished in diplomacy or in war—sons of the Earl of Uxbridge, who was a *persona grata* at the court of George III.

The eldest son, afterwards the famous "Waterloo" Marquess of Anglesey, was a brilliant cavalry officer, who gained high praise by the splendid manner in which he covered the retreat of Sir John Moore to Coruña, and who afterwards commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, where he lost a leg. I may say that I still have a quaint little model of this lost leg, which was, I suppose, made as a sort of memento for members of the family.

The third son, Sir Arthur Paget, was a distinguished diplomatist, of whose career the Paget Papers, edited by his son, the late Sir Augustus Paget, give an exhaustive account.

The fourth son, General Sir Edward Paget, of whom the Duke of Wellington wrote in terms of unusual warmth, was the hero of the Crossing of the Douro, where he lost an arm. He won renown in

16 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

other actions in Egypt and in Spain, and when accidentally captured by the French all offers of exchange were refused, and he remained a prisoner until Napoleon surrendered and was banished to Elba. A private Memoir of this distinguished officer, who was afterwards Commander-in-Chief in India, has been edited by his grandson, my cousin Eden Paget.

My grandfather, Sir Charles Paget, G.C.H., was the fifth son, and was born October 7, 1778, and entered the Royal Navy in 1790. With the rapid promotion which characterized those stirring times, he was made Lieutenant of the guardship in the Thames in 1797, and the same year was appointed to the command of the sloop *Martin*, being then only nineteen years of age. From October, 1778, to 1801 he commanded the *Brilliant* in the Channel service, when he took some valuable Spanish treasure ships. Of this capture I recollect my father giving us some amusing reminiscences of the grotesque terror and alarm of the Spaniards as related to him by his father. It was, I think, as a reward for this valuable seizure that the Government offered my grandfather the choice of either a grant of land in Canada or a sum of money. He unhesitatingly chose the latter, thinking that the acres of Canadian bush would be valueless to him. It is an interesting speculation to imagine what those tracts of Canadian land might have been worth to his descendants to-day. It was at this period that his elder brother, Arthur, the distinguished diplomatist, wrote to their mother, the Countess of Uxbridge, from Palermo in 1800: "Charles has written twice to me. You will easily conceive my disappointment and vexation at learning that [he] is not coming into the

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A GALLANT RESCUE.

The frigate *Eurydice*, Captain the Honourable Charles Paget, rescuing French line-of-battle ship, circ. 1804.
(The original picture, by Schetkz, hangs in the United Service Club.)



Mediterranean. I look forward, however, to seeing him on his return from the West Indies, where I conclude he will not remain more than two or three years." Their brother Edward, writing to the Earl of Uxbridge from Gibraltar, 21st February, 1800, says: "Charles will have told you . . . of his visit to me at Gibraltar, and of the forcible arguments he employed to make me take a passage in the *Brilliant*. It required philosophy to resist such temptations." It must almost certainly have been on this cruise to the West Indies that the capture of the Spanish treasure ships took place. Having commanded the *Hydra* in the Mediterranean, he was promoted to the command of the first-class frigate *Endymion*, March 30, 1802, to 1805, and for three years carried on active operations in the Channel and on the Spanish coast. Of this Sir Edward writes from Egypt, May 4, 1801: "I am happy to hear Charles has got a large frigate. Of course he will not come into the Mediterranean. I should like to return with him as soon as the expedition is over." It must have been at this period that Captain Paget performed the chivalrous action of rescuing a French line-of-battle ship from destruction. I will give the account of this remarkable feat of seamanship in the words which are attached to the painting, "A Gallant Rescue," which hangs in the United Service Club.

"Captain (afterwards Sir Charles) Paget, while cruising in the *Endymion* frigate on the coast of Spain, discovered a French ship of the line in imminent danger, embayed among rocks on a lee shore; bowsprit and foremast gone, and riding by a stream cable, her only remaining one. Though it was blowing a gale, Captain Paget bore down to the assistance

18 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

of his enemy, dropped his sheet anchor on the Frenchman's bow, buoyed the cable, and veered it across his hawser; this the disabled ship succeeded in getting in, and thus seven hundred lives were saved from destruction. After performing this chivalrous action the *Endymion*, being herself in great peril, hauled to the wind, let go her bower-anchor, clubhailed, and stood off shore on the other tack." Schetky's picture of this "Gallant Rescue" is in the United Service Club, and a picture of it by Pocock hangs in my own drawing-room. The picture, when exhibited in the Naval Exhibition of 1891, inspired Sir Edwin Arnold to write the spirited poem on the subject about which I had the pleasure to speak with him in Davenport, Iowa, December 11, 1891, and which he recited the same evening at his public lecture. In his own words, he considered it "one of the finest things in the history of the British Navy."

In recent years there has been some questioning as to the authenticity of this heroic exploit, on the ground that there are no official or authentic records of it so far known to exist. But I have a distinct recollection of having heard it referred to as a fact by my father, and by my aunt, Mrs. Kennedy, who lived to a great age and died only a comparatively few years ago, in 1901. So far as I remember, it was said that a young officer on board made a rough sketch at the time, from which it is presumable the later paintings were made. The existence of these pictures is to my mind an incontestable proof of the authenticity of their subject. That by Pocock, which I possess, came to me from my Aunt Georgie, and all her pictures of that nature came to her from Fair Oak. It is simply inconceivable that such a man as

my grandfather, with the ingrained modesty and high sense of honour characteristic of the service and of his family, should have permitted such a picture to be painted, still less to hang on the walls of his home, unless it were simply and absolutely true to fact. The fact that Captain Paget in this affair risked his ship and men for a chivalrous motive, for which action, if officially reported, he would undoubtedly have been reprimanded, and possibly cashiered, fully accounts for no contemporary mention of the incident being in print in our naval records. My grandfather, moreover, was the last man in the world to boast of, or even allude to any such exploit of his own. It seems to have been the tradition of the Services in those days to act and not to speak, for in all my boyhood's recollection I hardly ever remember hearing my father allude to any of my grandfather's many famous actions, about which in his own young days he must have known.

It is possible that this "Rescue" occurred during the stormy weather of the campaign of Sir John Moore, for in his Diary, vol. ii., p. 105, we read: "*Indefatigable*, 22 Dec., 1804,—My brother [Graham Moore] went to pay some visits to Captains of the *Squalron* . . . it blew so fresh as to prevent the Admiral from coming to dinner or my brother from returning. We knew by a boat from the *Endymion* that he was on board that ship with Captain Paget."

My grandfather subsequently, during the rest of the Napoleonic war, commanded several other vessels—the *Egyptian* frigate, of which I have two pictures: (i) The *Egyptian*, off Ferrol, 1806, chasing a Spanish schooner into the port, in which lay two Spanish ships of war ready for sea; when on point

20 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

of capture her fore-topmast and main-topgallant mast went over the side. (ii) The *Egyptian* standing out of Ferrol, in pursuit, though disabled.

In 1807 Captain Paget was in command of the *Cambrian* in the famous Battle of Copenhagen and was sent home with the duplicates of the dispatches announcing the victory.

On Oct. 11, 1808, Edward Paget writes from Spain to their father the Earl of Uxbridge: "I am glad you think well of the *Revenge*. I had heard from several naval officers that she was a magnificent ship. Charles, I hope, likes her. He seems to have had as eligible a cruise as he could have in these times of dearth upon the seas. If there is a Frenchman upon the ocean he will be quite sure to find him." Again, June 11, 1809, after the loss of his arm, he writes: "That best of fellows, Charles, has just told me that he insists upon accompanying me to town, which you will not be sorry to hear."

On January 11, 1819, Captain Paget received his Commission to command the Royal Yacht, in attendance upon the Prince Regent and it was during a cruise along the coast of Devon with the King on board that the incident occurred, about which George IV. wrote to his Private Secretary, Sir William Knighton, a letter, the copy of which was given me by my aunt, Mrs. Kennedy, and is here subjoined.

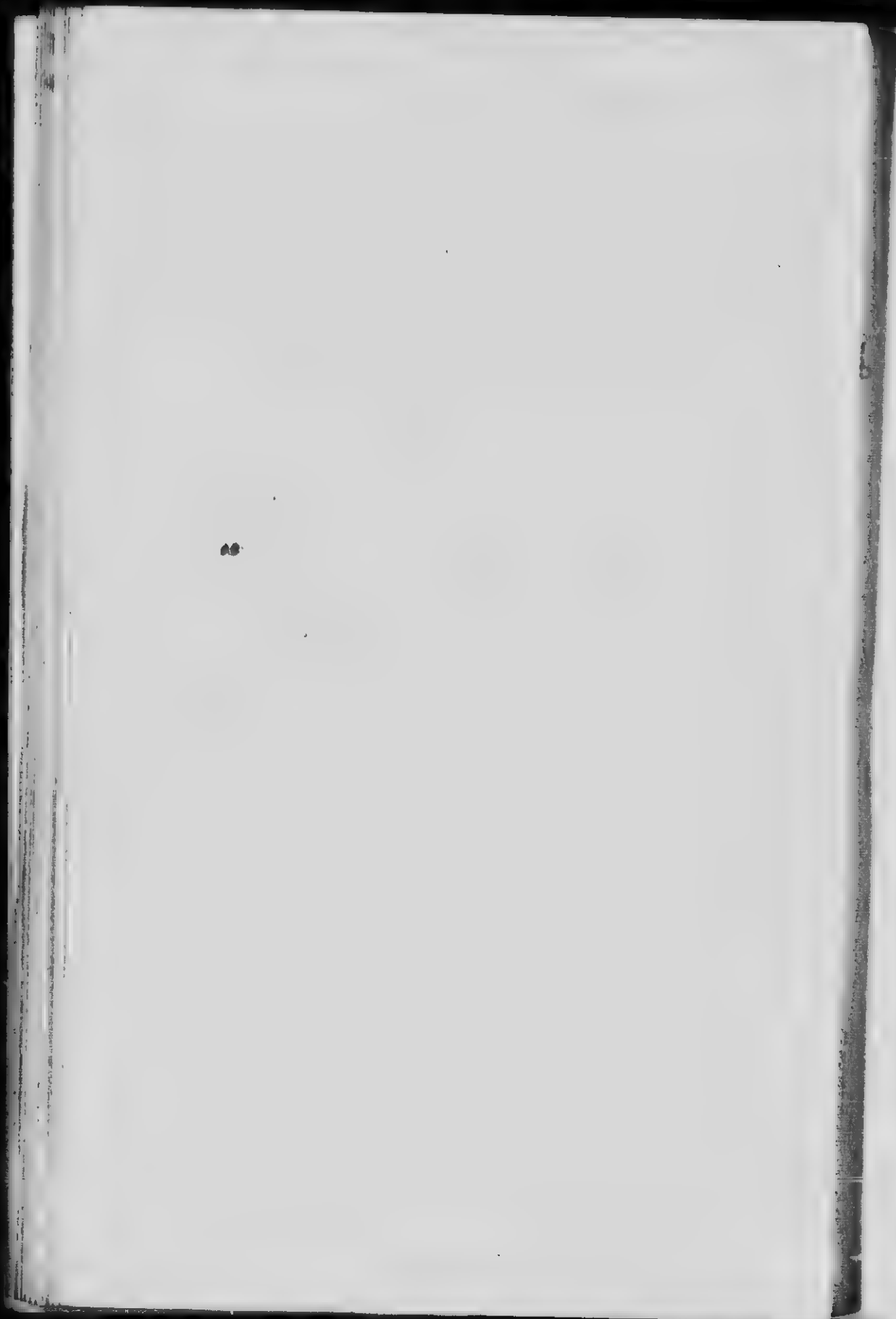
*Letter from KING GEORGE IV. to SIR W. KNIGHTON
(undated).*

DEAREST FRIEND,

There is no time for a florid description. We sailed again yesterday morning between four and five



THE HON^{OR}URABLE LADY PAGET
My Grandmother,
(née Elizabeth Araminta Monck).
(From a miniature in my possession.)



MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 21

o'clock with a most promising breeze in our favour to make the Land's End.

About two or three in the afternoon the wind shifted immediately in our teeth, a violent hurricane and tempest suddenly arose, the most dreadful possible of scenes ensued, the sea breaking everywhere over the ship. We lost the tiller and the vessel was for some minutes down on her beam ends; and nothing, I believe, but the undaunted presence of mind, perseverance, experience, and courage of Paget [afterwards Sir Charles] preserved us from a watery grave.

The oldest and most experienced of our sailors were petrified and paralyzed; you may judge somewhat then of what was the state of mind of the passengers, every one of whom, almost, flew up in their shirts on deck in terrors that are not to be described.

Most affectionately yours

G. R.

In the year 1823 my grandfather received the Order of the Grand Cross of Hanover and also the appointment as Groom of the Royal Bedchamber.

Among the few recollections which I have from my father of those old days was of the kindness of the King to him when he accompanied his father on the yacht. He would then have been a little fellow of ten or eleven, and the good-natured monarch would have him sit on his knee and talked to him in the kindest way. He remembered, also, the King's gift to my grandfather of a handsome gold snuff box with an inscription on it. This was long treasured as a family heirloom, but perished or was stolen when our house at Grafton, Ontario, was burnt down in 1863. My father and brothers dug among the debris and hunted for this prized relic for several days, but needless to say without success.

22 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

The post in the Royal Household he had first held as *locum tenens* for his brother, Sir Edward, during the latter's absence from England as Commander-in-Chief in India. Two years later, as will appear from the subjoined letter of the King's Private Secretary, Sir William Knighton, and which also bears the Royal signature, G.R., my grandfather's appointment by His Majesty's special wish was made permanent.

*Letter from SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON to the
HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES PAGET.*

G. R.

ROYAL LODGE.

October 17th, 1825.

Private.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,

I am honoured with the commands of the King to send you His Majesty's very kind regards. His Majesty commands me to acquaint you that no consideration would induce His Majesty to permit you to resign your present situation as Groom of the Bed Chamber, and I am further commanded to say that it would give His Majesty very sincere pleasure to have the return of your brother, Sir Edward, for whom His Majesty has a great personal regard, into his family. But on the present occasion His Majesty's arrangement will not admit of it, and how far it may be expedient with the situation, which is proposed to your brother on his return from India, must be left as a question for future consideration. His Majesty, however, commands me to add that you are no longer to consider yourself as the *locum tenens* of your brother, Sir Edward, in the situation which it is His Majesty's pleasure you should hold in his family.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir Charles, with great regard,

Your very sincere and faithful servant,

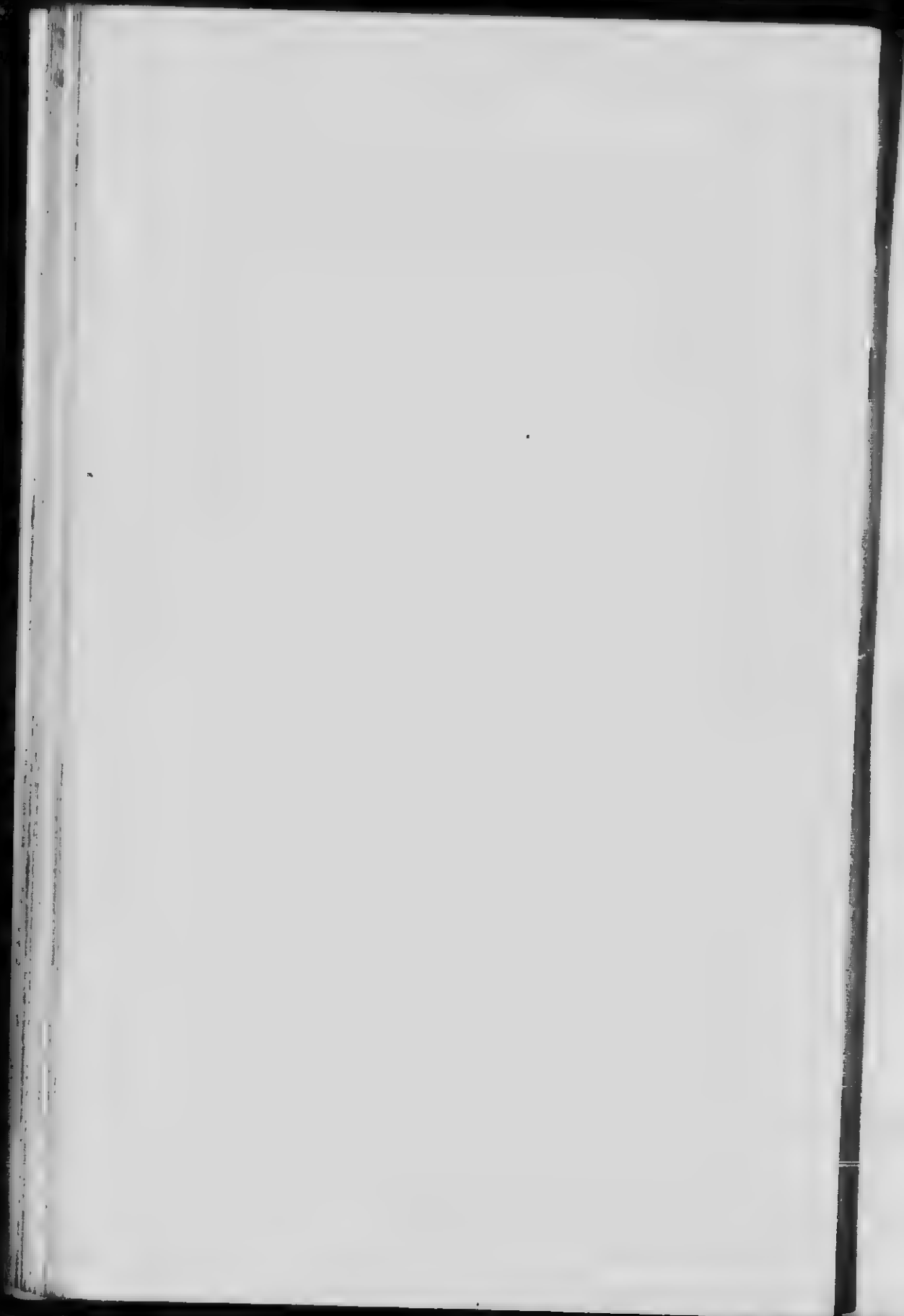
W. KNIGHTON.



THE "BRILLIANT"

(Captain the Honourable Charles Paget).

Chasing Spanish schooner into Ferrol, three Spanish warships inside, 1805.
(From a picture in my possession.)



MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 23

Sir Edward Paget writes from India to his wife: Feb. 18, 1825, "I can't say what pleasure it gives me to read your remarks upon my most particular friend and ally, old Charles, and to hear that my dear children are all so fond of him. He is an excellent, staunch and honest fellow and much too good to hoist his flag in these seas. So I hope you will keep him at home in command of the *Emerald*."

Captain Paget received his Commission as Rear-Admiral of the Blue on April 9, 1823, and I may here say that I have in my possession five of these old Commissions, all duly signed and dated, which I found in an envelope in a quaint old letter-case of my father's. In the years 1828-31 Sir Charles Paget held the position of Commander-in-Chief at Cork. It was probably at this time that he, with his eldest son, Captain Charles Paget, took a cruise in his yacht the *Emerald* along the south-west coast of Ireland and into Bantry Bay, during which they seem to have greatly enjoyed the sport of shooting various kinds of sea fowl and also secured one large seal. A long letter from Sir Charles to my father, who was then a student at Christ Church, Oxford, gives a graphic account of this cruise and is printed at the end of this memoir. My grandfather's Commission as Vice-Admiral of the White bears date the 10th January, 1837, and one month later, Feb. 11, 1837, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the West Indian Station, a command which embraced a most important sphere of action, extending from Latitude 55 on the north to the coast of Brazil on the south, the whole of the West Indian Islands and Gulf of Mexico, and from Longitude 36 to the coast of America and as far up the St. Lawrence as

24 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

Quebec. During the period that Sir Charles Paget held the command on the flagship *Cornwallis*, in which my father acted as his Chaplain, disturbances amounting almost to a rebellion occurred in Lower Canada, which were supposed at the time to have been fomented by the United States, and it was considered not unlikely that that Government might resolve to support the insurgents by sea and land. Two interesting letters dealing with this matter addressed to Lord Minto, First Lord of the Admiralty, are printed below. The third and last letter which I have in my possession is a very pathetic one. It is addressed to Lord Minto, Dec. 16, 1838, a little more than a month before his death. He had then been a victim of yellow fever and of a severe attack of rheumatism for some time and his usually robust health and indomitable spirit were seemingly shattered. It appears that a strained situation had arisen between France and the Mexican Republic, possibly presaging the later interference under Louis Napoleon. The French had sent a squadron into the Gulf of Mexico, but apparently the proceedings were rather half-hearted. It was the wish of the English Government to intervene as a mediator and if possible effect a reconciliation. It is no slight proof of the high opinion which the authorities at home held of the tact, discretion and diplomatic skill of my grandfather that they entrusted him with this delicate mission. The letter above referred to reflects the feeling of bitter disappointment of an active and ardent officer at being thus incapacitated by illness and weakness from taking the steps which were necessary in order that he should duly carry out the Commission.

21st Decr 1849

Dear Henry

— I am so
glad that I am writing
a line to see kindly
in offering to me
the portrait of
my Brother, dear
Old Charles, but
having got me
a little bit of
time, I will not
forget to inform you
of the portrait.

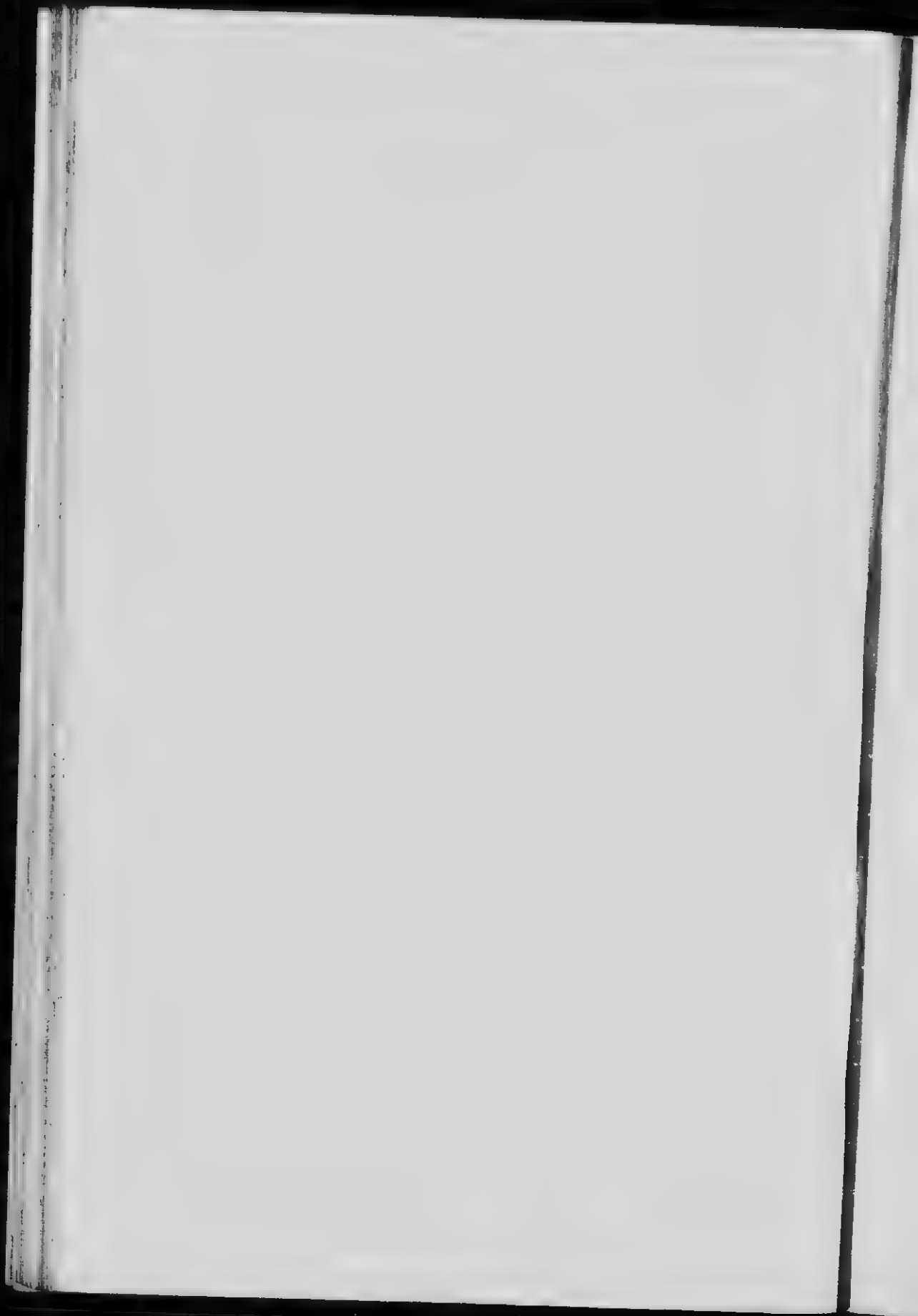
FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY TO

After Game Night
and all around?
Her Spring of the
and some more in 1.

Alanya
Albania
Greece
Turkey

HIS NEPHEW HENRY, SON OF SIR EDWARD PAGET.

(See page 30.)



MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 25

Lord Minto's reply to this letter, dated Feb. 4, 1839, a week after Sir Charles' death, is full of kindness and consideration; it displays also the fullest confidence in his judgment and approval of the steps which he had taken.

When the Canadian rising was suppressed, the celebrated Lord Durham was sent out as Governor-General with a view to rectifying abuses and removing causes of discontent. By a special Act of Parliament, 1 Victoria, for the temporary government of Lower Canada, a special Council was appointed for the government of this Province. My grandfather was appointed one of these special Councillors. I have the Letters Patent of this appointment, which is thus described in the margin:

"Commission under the Great Seal appointing the Honourable Sir Charles Paget a Special Councillor under the Imperial Act, 1 Victoria, Cap. 9. Fiat recorded in the Records of Quebec the 28th day of June, 1838, in the 15th Register of Letters Patent and Commissions." Opposite the Seal is the counter-signature of Lord Durham himself. This is an interesting memento for Sir Charles' descendants to possess, especially those of us who have had so much to do with Canada, and who for many years have made it our home. My grandfather served his country in the Royal Navy throughout thirty years of the reign of George III., all through the reigns of George IV. and William IV., with whom, as we have seen, he was on terms of intimate and trusted friendship, but it is delightful to think that during the last years of his life he served the maiden Queen Victoria and received the last and highest proof of Royal trust and favour in her reign. "We having taken into

26 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

our Royal consideration," so the Letters Patent run, "your loyalty, integrity and ability have assigned, constituted and appointed you, the said Sir Charles Paget, . . . a special Councillor for the purposes of the said Act." Whether Sir Charles Paget was ever able to act upon this appointment I cannot say, but his nephew, Lord Clarence Paget, who served under him in the *Pearl*, writes: "During the following summer (1838) Lord Durham was sent to Canada as Governor-General, and the Squadron went up the St. Lawrence to Quebec to attend him. This gave us the opportunity to make many interesting excursions to the Lakes and to Niagara." I have some recollection of my father, who was his father's Chaplain on the *Cornwallis*, alluding to this excursion, and we possessed some fine large maps of Canada of that date which I understood were given to my grandfather in his official capacity.

ARCHIVE LETTER.

In regard to my grandfather's relation to Canada I have to thank the courtesy of Mr. D. A. McArthur, of the Archive Office in Ottawa, for the information given below, in a letter dated July 6, 1911.

"The minutes of Lord Durham's Special Council do not show that Sir Charles Paget attended any of the meetings of the Council. In fact, it may be inferred that he did not, or it would be indicated in the minutes. There is record, however, of Sir Charles Paget having accompanied Lord Durham on his journey through Upper Canada. Mr. Charles Buller, secretary to Lord Durham, in his sketch of Lord Durham's mission, written in 1840, states that 'Imme-

diately after the publication of the Ordinances (June 28, 1838) Lord Durham, accompanied by Sir Charles Paget, the Admiral on the American Station, set out for Montreal.' On July 10 they left Montreal and proceeded to Upper Canada by way of the St. Lawrence. They continued to Niagara, where Lord Durham had ordered a brilliant military demonstration. Buller speaks of it thus: 'At this spot, the general *rendezvous* at this season of large numbers of travellers of the wealthy class of the United States, the reviews which took place attracted a crowd of spectators from the opposite side, and the presence of the Governor-General, of the Authorities of Upper Canada, of the Admiral, and of a numerous and most efficient military force of every kind was calculated to impress on our neighbours the value which the British Government was disposed to attach to the maintenance of her Empire in Canada.' "

I have heard from my father a few particulars about the last weeks of Sir Charles. The weakness caused by the fever increased, and my father nursed him indefatigably. As a last resource he was taken on board ship, in hopes that the fresher air would revive him, but he died at sea January 29, 1839, and was buried with full honours in Bermuda. The printed account of the obsequies is appended to this Memoir.

In addition to my grandfather's naval services, he sat for several years in Parliament, first as the member for Milborne Port, and afterwards for the Borough of Carnarvon. The election contests in those days were of a very rough and sometimes barbarous nature. Sir Charles Paget and his family were staunch Whigs, and at the time of the Catholic Emancipation and

28 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

the first Reform Bill party feeling ran high. I recollect my father telling me of one of these contested elections when his father used to land from his ship each morning in order to canvass with a bodyguard of blue-jackets, with whom he had literally to fight his way through the centre of the opposing party in order to get into the town.

Passing from my grandfather's public to his private and family life, I have unhappily hardly any material on which to draw. He does not seem from the allusions in the letters of his brothers to have been by any means a bad correspondent, but the only letters that have come down to me are the few letters which will appear later. It may be that correspondence with his parents the Earl and Countess of Uxbridge exists, like that which has been published so fully in the memoirs of his brothers, Sir Arthur and Sir Edward, but I have failed to obtain any information on this head.

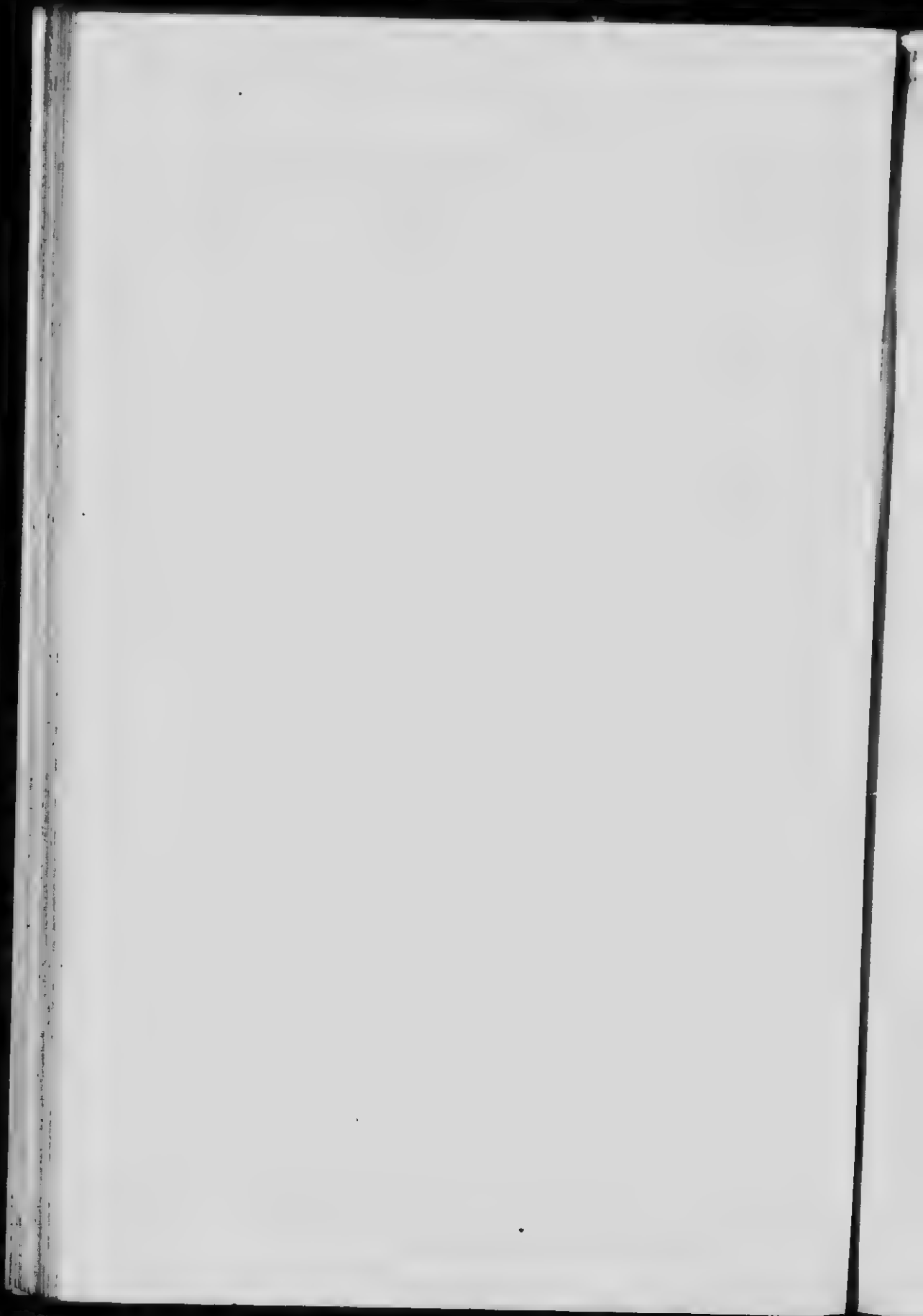
On the seventh day of March, 1805, [the year of the Battles of Austerlitz and Trafalgar], Charles Paget married Elizabeth Araminta Monck, daughter of Henry Monck and Lady Elizabeth Monck. My grandmother was a minor at the time of her wedding but her father was present and signed as witness. A copy of the entry of the marriage in the parish register of St. Mary-le-Bone, dated June 27, 1839, is before me as I write.

Some time after this date my grandfather purchased the estate of Fair Oak, in the Parish of Rogate, near Petersfield. There, in the depths of the lovely country of the South Downs, in the County of "Sussex by the Sea," his numerous family of ten was born and reared. Not far away, on a shoulder of the Downs, is Uppark,



FAIR OAK,

The home of Sir Charles Paget, where all his children were born.
(From an engraving in my possession of circa 1850.)



at that time the residence of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, a great favourite of King George IV., and my grandfather and his sons were on terms of close intimacy with Sir Harry and frequently enjoyed the fine shooting in the Uppark preserves. From various gleanings of information from our Aunt Car (the Honourable Mrs. Algernon Capel), my Aunt Georgie (Mrs. Kennedy), and from my father, the Fair Oak household must have been a breezy, not to say boisterous, one, especially when Sir Charles was at home and the four boys enjoying their holidays.

Of recent years I have visited Rogate and Fair Oak on several occasions. The house has been greatly enlarged and modernized, but a good many of the old rooms still remain as they were known to my uncles and aunts. A delightful walk shaded with fine trees runs along by the little stream where, as my father has told us, he and his brothers used to bathe, and this walk forms a feature in the reminiscences of those old days. Somewhere near in the shrubbery was a sort of summer-house or out-of-doors smoking-room which my grandfather enjoyed and which it was the special privilege of my Aunt Georgie to keep tidy and ready for his use. The old oak, from which the house and modest estate takes its name, is still standing in all its glory, and also a famous tulip tree which I believe was a great object of pride to my grandmother, Lady Paget.

Thus must close this very fragmentary and unsatisfactory Memoir of a man who certainly deserved well of his Country and was beloved and admired by his family and friends. It never seemed to occur to my father to give us anything of a consecutive or serious narrative of his father's life and of the old days. We

80 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

were too young to think of asking for such information so that almost all we ever knew about our grandparents or the life at Fair Oak came to us in the way of some casual allusion or some humorous anecdote, and, as I have said, there were no written records at all so far as I am able to learn. The untimely death of my grandfather from yellow fever at the comparatively early age of 61, cut short a career which was just ripening to maturity, and which might probably have secured for him, on his return from the West Indian Command, a position as well recognized by the nation as that of his older and more famous brothers.

*Letter from SIR CHARLES PAGET to My Father
when a Student at Oxford, probably about 1832.*

*Emerald at the Mouth of the Shannon,
May 6th.*

MY DEAREST NED,

You will, I have no doubt, like to have a letter to inform you how Charlie and myself get on. I will, therefore, give you a report of our proceedings.

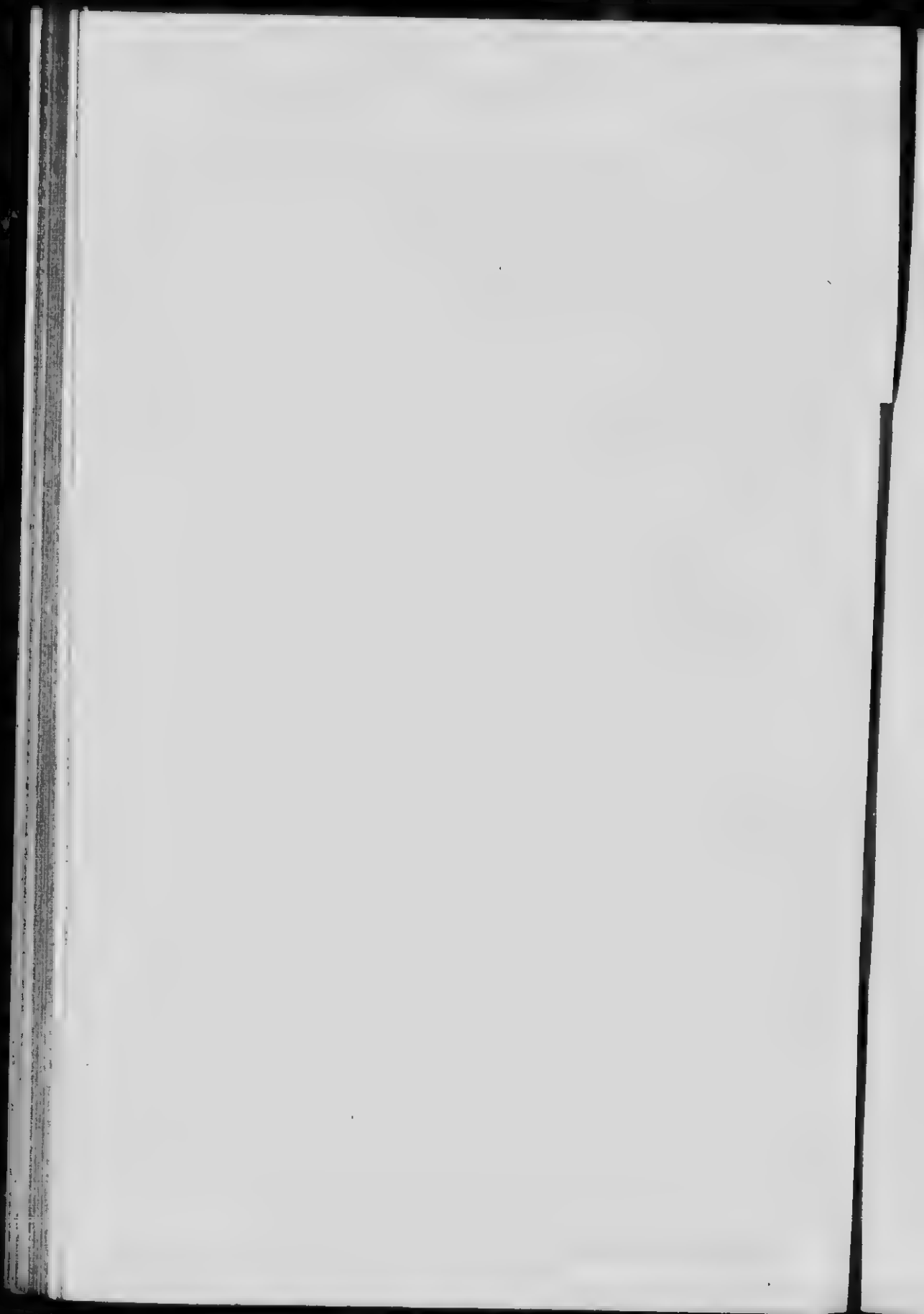
We sailed from Cove last Tuesday night with a fine breeze from the south-east; when we got outside the wind dropped, and we found a great thundering swell from the southward. We therefore, in conformity with the principle we had laid down, namely, never to be uncomfortable if we could anyhow avoid it, determined to get into old Kinsale, which we succeeded in, and the next morning started again, and had a fine run down to Long Island Sound, where we anchored about 2 p.m. We then took to the boat with our guns and dogs, and Charlie blazed away right and left at everything, and got a good many gulls and cormorants. The following morning, after breakfast, we weighed with a two-reefed mainsail and southerly wind, and in three or four hours



THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY,

My Great-Uncle.

Who commanded the cavalry at Waterloo.
(From a picture in my possession.)



reached Bear Haven, where, after cruising about for two or three hours, we anchored, and as usual, took to the boat with our guns, and among other things surprised three curlew by suddenly rounding a point, and though we saw but two, when we each fired, three were picked up. The next day, as the weather was too bad to go seaward, I determined to run up to the head of Bantry Bay, a distance of ten or twelve miles. We accordingly got under way, after breakfast, and having stood in to the Harbour of Bantry, meaning to anchor, I unexpectedly discovered the mansion of Lord Bantry and his Lordship and friends walking on the terrace. This would not do for me, and I determined, therefore, to bolt, and though it was blowing a gale, and we were under the three-reefed mainsail, we worked her out till we could fetch another beautiful little harbour called Glengariff, a few miles to the north of Bantry. There we found a romantically beautiful anchorage, where we were quite land-locked, and the water as smooth as glass, and the scenery altogether such as to have made an impression on Charlie and myself we shall not easily forget. Moreover, Charlie very soon discovered that seals were cruising about, as well as plenty of the usual sea gulls. This pretty harbour abounds with small rocky islands, and is admirably calculated for what we were in pursuit of, and no doubt when the season is more advanced it will abound with seals. The following day was Sunday, so we could not properly set to, so in the afternoon we took a row in the boat with our little rifles, merely for practice. The next morning by six we were in the boat, and in an hour afterwards we had returned on board, towing a huge seal, which Charlie, in the most dexterous way, shot right through the head, fifty yards away. This was a grand prize, and it was agreed after we had breakfasted that the whole process should take place of cutting it up, and converting the blubber into oil. Here Charlie was in his element, and I must do him the justice to say that the most expert butcher could not have beaten him in the skill.

32 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

ful manipulation. In short, the whole process was conducted by him, and before twelve o'clock we had bottled off six gallons of beautiful, clear oil, which burns in the lamps as well as the best I could buy. That afternoon, Monday the 3rd, the wind having come to the eastward, we thought it best to push out and run back to Bear Haven, and anchor for the night, and start the next morning for Valentia. This we accordingly did, and reached that fine harbour by 2 p.m., Tuesday the 4th. Here, as usual, we took to the boat with our guns, and had more shooting at the birds than at any other place. Among other things we got four of those whistling Pies, which are difficult to be got, and Charlie, with his usual good luck, spied some rabbits on a neighbouring island, and returned with three of them, which, with the various other things we had, about half filled the boat.

The next morning, yesterday, the 5th, we weighed from Valentia, meaning to reach the Shannon, but could not on account of a calm. We landed with the aid of the boats, got an anchorage in the Bay of Limerick, a wild and desolate situation, resembling the population belonging to it.

To-day we hope to reach the Shannon, but we are at the present moment becalmed. Thus, my dear fellow, I have given you a sort of Journal of our proceedings, in none of which we failed to wish you with us. We must have a cruise together in the summer.

I will give you another letter soon to report progress.

*Letter from SIR CHARLES PAGET to the EARL OF MINTO,
First Lord of the Admiralty.*

Private.

BERMUDA, April 12, 1838.

EARL OF MINTO, G.C.B.,

MY DEAR LORD,

Early in February I sent Lord Clarence Paget in the *Pearl* to the *Chesapeake* with a letter to Mr.

Fox, and I hoped to receive his answer before it became necessary for me to proceed on the annual visit to the West Indies. However, Mr. Fox detained Lord Clarence longer than I calculated, and I therefore only received his reply on my arrival here, and as it is a document of considerable importance I feel it my duty to transmit it for your Lordship's information and consideration. Presiding, as your Lordship does, over the Naval Administration of the country, it would be highly presumptuous in me to offer my humble opinion. I, therefore, leave it to your superior judgment to determine whether, under the existing state of things as set forth in the letter of Mr. Fox, it will still be thought prudent for the Admiral upon this station to be otherwise than in an efficient ship of the line, with a full complement of men and guns, or that the establishment of the station shall continue upon its present reduced footing, pending a crisis, the result of which, in the opinion of our Minister, may be a sudden rupture with the United States.

Lord Clarence has moreover informed me, from his own personal observation, that they have two squadrons ready for sea, that one is nominally destined to the Mediterranean, the other for the Pacific, but that both are waiting the result of the present state of affairs.

His Lordship further reports that he received the most marked civilities and attention at Norfolk from the Senior Naval Officer, Commodore Warrington, whose broad pennant, as well as the national flag, was saluted by the *Pearl* on her arrival, and of course returned.

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant,

(Sgd.) CHARLES PAGET.

34 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

Undated Letter from SIR CHARLES PAGET to the EARL OF MINTO, First Lord of Admiralty. Probably from Bermuda, 1838.

MY DEAR LORD,—

I was honoured by your Lordship's letter of the 20th of February on my arrival here last evening, from Jamaica and Havana, and I shall endeavour to the best of my power to fulfil your lordship's wishes and the official instructions.

I found the *Minden* just arrived from Gibraltar with the Fourth Regiment on board, and the *Cornwallis* is to convey it to Halifax, and return to me here before the usual period of a ship of her class being able to reach Quebec.

I regret, however, that the *Minden* was not directed to proceed all the way with them, as with the winds which have prevailed it would have made a very little difference in the time that the ship would reach England.

And here your Lordship will pardon me, I trust, when with the utmost deference and respect I suggest that a Commander-in-Chief at least should possess the privilege of being able to retain his flagship exclusively for the duties of the command with which he is entrusted, and not be made a troopship, unless under the most urgent circumstances. In this instance the urgency of the case, with all due submission to your Lordship and the Board, does not appear to have existed, and I might have been spared the inconvenience by the *Minden* being ordered to convey the Regiment at once to Halifax. The absolute necessity which suddenly and unexpectedly arose last November, when I did not hesitate to detail the *Cornwallis* upon my own responsibility to the West Indies, for troops for Canada, fully proves my readiness to employ the flagship on such duty when the good of her Majesty's Service required it, and therefore your Lordship will, I feel sure, fairly interpret my meaning

MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 35

and not be offended by my thus conscientiously and honestly expressing myself on this point.

I have the honour to be, my dear Lord,

Your Lordship's Most Faithful Servant,

C. P.

P.S. I am in frequent communication with Sir Colin Campbell, and his last, dated the second of this month, gives the most satisfactory account of the entire subjection and discomfiture of the insurgents on the Canadian frontier.

Last Letter from SIR CHARLES PAGET to the EARL OF MINTO.

PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA,
December 16th, 1838.

Private and Confidential.

MY DEAR LORD,—

My last letter to your Lordship from Bermuda, as well as previous ones, will have apprised you of the helpless condition I was reduced to by the long confinement to my bed, producing debility and emaciation and the total loss of my limbs, consequent in the first instance to the rheumatic fever I caught on board the *Inconstant*.

Ill and wholly unequal as I felt myself to the undertaking of even embarking at Bermuda, I determined to be carried on board in order to be put in possession of the instructions I had been given to understand I should find there, and if any amendment took place in my health to put them in execution, to the best of my power. Finding, however, in the short passage to Jamaica that I lost ground, and that in addition to my bodily ailments my nervous system (I am not ashamed, as I cannot help it, to own it) had received a shock which I lament to fear will be of lasting duration, I had the moral courage still left to feel conscious I was not in a state to undertake the execution of any service involving the safe character and honour

of my country, which I should have hazarded by becoming a principal party in carrying on an intricate negotiation, which required all the energies of mind I ever possessed, and all the bodily vigour and activity I was ever blessed with, instead of being a cripple in bed borne down by suffering and latterly harassed from the effects of an almost broken heart at being reduced to the state I am in at a moment my active services are required.

Under these circumstances I have still had some consolation afforded me, to which I am indebted to your Lordship for, though I am not insensible of the importance of the trust confided to me, or of the gratification I confess it would be to me to be instrumental in bringing about an amicable adjustment of the differences existing between the French Government and the Mexican Republic. I, nevertheless, have had the satisfaction of being impressed that in delegating the duty to another I do not avoid a service, and I was instructed that I was in no case to be drawn into a rupture with either of the contending Powers, and your Lordship has been pleased to close your last letter to me with the gratifying assurance that you feel entire confidence in my conciliatory tact and discretion as you would do in my vigour, had the occasion been such as to call for it. My public letter to the Board will inform your Lordship of my having been compelled to transfer to Commodore Douglas the charge of the squadron, and the carrying into effect the pacific views of Her Majesty's Government.

I detailed the *Pique* and *Race Horse* three days previous to the sailing of Commodore Douglas with our Minister, Mr. Packenham, to whom I gave a letter of introduction to Admiral Baudin to prepare him for the early arrival of the British Squadron on its friendly mission, and recommending to Mr. Packenham, previous to the approach of the British Squadron, to, if necessary, disabuse the minds of the Mexican authorities, if they fancied we were going to interfere in any other way than that of attempting to reconcile the difference of both parties. I hope and

trust I am not too sanguine in thinking that a favourable and speedy determination will be the result, especially as I hear from the Havana that the French ships are very sickly and very sick of the service.

Your Lordship will better conceive than I can describe the grievous vexation I am labouring under at these unforeseen and unavoidable contingencies as regards myself. All I can do is to bewail and deeply express my regret that a dispensation of Providence should have been inflicted upon me at such a moment, and to entreat that your Lordship, in the event of my continued inability for active service, will select a fit Officer to relieve me in this important command, as I am, I trust, the last person who would desire to hold the honour and advantages of it beyond the period of its pleasing God to continue me in health, to enable me to keep it with honour and credit to myself and advantage to Her Majesty's Service.

I have the honour to be, my dear Lord, with the utmost esteem,

Your most faithful servant,

CHARLES PAGET.

THE EARL OF MINTO, G.C.B.

Letter from the EARL OF MINTO, First Lord of the Admiralty, to SIR CHARLES PAGET.

Private.

ADMIRALTY, February 7th, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—

I have really but a moment to acknowledge the receipt of your letters from Jamaica, and to express my very great concern that the state of your health should be such as you describe. In the hope, however, of your amendment, I shall not at present take any step to relieve you in the Command, and should the state of your health require you to relinquish your Command, you are quite at liberty to come home in the *Cornwallis*. All the measures you have taken

38 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

appear to me extremely judicious in the arrangements for the execution of your late instruction.

Believe me, my dear Sir Charles,

Very truly yours,

MINTO.

VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET.

Autograph Letter from KING WILLIAM IV. when Duke of Clarence to SIR CHARLES PAGET.

(The original is in my possession yet.)

BUSHEY HOUSE, March 24th, 1818.

DEAR CHARLES,—

The bearer, John Ware, tells me he is your servant, and intends to leave you, of course without fault. I must increase my establishment of servants and my coachman wishes to take this lad as the leading boy, to drive the Duchess of Clarence. His character, therefore, is necessary, and particularly as to sobriety, because I do not think a British Admiral ought to endanger the life of any Lady, and particularly that of a female foreigner who ought to look to him for every protection.

Then as Admiral of the Fleet I must call your attention to the yacht. I have been the other day on board, and if the arrangements about stowing the hammocks in the fore-peak are carried out she will never sail again. The heat and the smell of the sixty hammocks in so small a space will be intolerable, besides all which, hammocks ought, according to the practice of the King's service, to be stowed on deck.

God bless you, and believe me, dear Charles,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 39

A letter from the first MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY, who commanded the Cavalry at the Battle of Waterloo, and lost a leg in the action, to his nephew, HENRY, son of SIR EDWARD PAGET, relating to a picture of my grandfather, SIR CHARLES PAGET.

O. O. [ORDNANCE OFFICE],
June 2nd, 1849.

DEAR HENRY,—

Assure your mother I am sensibly alive to her kindness in offering to me the portrait of my brother, dear old Charles, but having an excellent likeness of him, I will not trespass upon her good nature. That which I have of him hangs abreast of that of your dear, good father, which I highly prize. I saw Pat yesterday, who tells me he is busied with all the furniture at the Hospital that is belonging to you. I take it into my head that Lady Harriet [widow of Sir Edward Paget] will like to remove with her share of the Paget colony at Cowes to increase that of the Legges somewhere in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, and this will be handy for your military responsibilities, inasmuch as you will have . . . under your nose, and Pat, too, would be within call, and the two violincellos might scrape away together, but, alas! they will lack the interesting listener [Sir Edward Paget] to encourage them.

Assure your mother and all around her of my affection and sincere regard.

Always affectionately yours,

ANGLESEY.

N.B.—This letter is in the possession of Mr. Howard Paget, of Elford, who kindly lent it to me. It bears the Cowes post-mark of June 3, 1849.

40 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

*Copy of Inscription upon the Tablet in
Rogate Church.*

To the Memory of
Vice-Admiral the Hon^b Sir Charles Paget,
G.C.H.,
who died of Yellow Fever on the 29th of Jan^y, 1839
in the 61st year of his age
whilst on his passage in H. M. Steamer *Tartarus* from
Port Royal to Bermuda.

In him his country lost one of her ablest servants
and his Family the kindest and most affectionate of
Friends.

He died feeling at peace with his Maker and in charity
with all Men.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Also to the memory of Frederica Georgiana Augusta,
daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon^b Sir Charles and
Lady Paget,

Died at Fair Oak the 12th of September, 1835, aged
13 years.

Also to the memory of
Horatio Henry, son of the above,
who died at sea, Midshipman on board H.M.S. *Talbot*,
the 28th of April, 1828, aged 15 years.

Also to the memory of Lieut. Brownlow Henry, R.N.,
son of the above,
who died on board H.M.S. *Dublin*, the 18th of Feb^y,
1843, aged 24 years.

Also to the memory of Elizabeth Araminta, widow of
Sir C. Paget, who died at Fair Oak Lodge,
Aug. 17, 1843, aged 56 years.

MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 41

*Report of my grandfather's obsequies in Bermuda,
found among old papers.*

Arrival of the Remains
of the late Vice-Admiral
Sir Charles Paget, K.C.H. and G.C.H.,
Naval Commander-in-Chief on the North American
and West India Station.
His Funeral, etc.

Arrived on Thursday last, H.M. Steamer *Flamer*,
Lieutenant Potbury, in 5 days from St. Thomas, with
the Remains of the Honble. Sir Charles Paget on
board. The *Flamer* received the Body from the
Tartarus, on board of which vessel he died, when on
his way from Jamaica to these Islands, on the 29th
ultimo. The Reverend E. Paget and Lieutenant
Brownlow Paget, R.N., came as passengers in the
Flamer.

Yesterday the Remains of Sir Charles were removed
from the Dock Yard, Ireland Island, and deposited
with the customary forms and honours in a vault in
the Naval Burial Ground, beside the one wherein are
laid the remains of that gallant officer, Admiral
Colpoys.

The whole was directed and arranged by Captain
Busby, the Senior Naval Officer of Her Majesty's
ships and vessels of war at this Port.

Guard of Honour.

Band of 30th Regiment.

Officiating Clergyman, the Rev. J. K. Gouldney, Chap-
lain H.M. Naval Yard.

His Orders
Borne on a Cushion by Lieut. Lawless, R.N.

42 MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET

The Body.

Pall Bearers.

James C. Nimmo,
Esq., R.N.
Captain Sir Willm.
Burnaby, R.N.
Colonel Robinson,
80th Regt.

Pall Bearers.

Lient. J. Potbury,
R.N.
Capt. Thomas
Busby, R.N.
Colonel Bridge, R.A.

The Body was covered with the White Ensign, and
his distinguishing Flag,
St. George's Cross, unfurled, with Hat, Gloves, and
Sword on the Coffin.

Chief Mourners.

His Sons:

The Rev. Edward Paget, Lient. Brownlow Paget,
Chaplain of Cornwallis. R.N.

Mourners.

Hon. Robert Kennedy, Joseph Ballingall, Esq.,
Colonial Secretary. Naval Storekeeper.

Clergy.

Household and personal Surgeons.

Officers of the Naval Yard.

Private Friends.

Seamen of *Flamer*.

Marines of *Wanderer*.

Seamen of *Wanderer*.

Troops.

The Governor,

His Excellency Major-General Sir Stephen R. Chap-
man, C.B. and K.C.H.

MEMOIR OF HON. SIR CHARLES PAGET 43

Minute guns commenced firing on the advance of the Procession toward the Burial Ground, by H.M. Ship *Wanderer*, and the Fort at Ireland Island.

Immediately after the Funeral Service at the grave ended, a Salute of 15 guns by the *Wanderer*, and 15 guns by the Fort, were fired, the Fort commencing when the *Wanderer* fired the second gun.

This memoir may fitly close with this extract from a letter written by Sir Sanford Whittingham, Commander-in-Chief of the land forces in the West Indies, to Sir Edward Paget: "Ere you receive this letter you will have heard of the sad loss we have sustained in the death of your excellent brother [Sir Charles Paget]. In a public as well as a private point of view deeply and justly is the loss deplored; for the British Navy possessed not a brighter ornament, nor could our country boast a more perfect model of the real English gentleman."

THE FRIGATE "ENDYMION."

Sir Edwin Arnold contributed the following spirited poem to the *Daily Telegraph* during the Naval Exhibition, May, 1891. It was inspired by Schetky's picture entitled "A Gallant Rescue" of a French line-of-battle ship by Sir Charles Paget in the *Endymion* off the coast of Spain, which hangs in the United Service Club.

The English roses on her face
Blossomed a brighter pink for pride,
As thro' the glories of the place,
Watchful, we wandered side by side.

We saw our bygone Worthies stand,
Done to the life, in steel and gold;
Howard and Drake, a stately band—
Sir Walter, Anson, Hawkins bold;

Past all the martial blazonry
Of Blake's great battles; and the roar
Of Jervis, thundering through the sea;
With Rodney, Hood, and fifty more;

To him, the bravest, gentlest, best,
Duty's dear Hero, Britain's Star,
The Chieftain of the dauntless breast,
Nelson, our Thunderbolt of War!

We saw him gathering sword by sword
On conquered deck from Don and Dane;
We saw him, Victory's laurelled Lord,
Rend the French battle-line in twain.

THE FRIGATE "ENDYMION"

45

In countless grand sea-pieces there
The green seas foamed with gallant blood;
The skies blazed high with flame and fear,
The tall masts toppled to the flood.

But ever 'mid red rage and glow
Of each tremendous Ocean fight,
Safe, by the strength of those below,
The flag of England floated bright.

"Ah, dear, brave souls!" she cried; "'tis good
To be a British girl, and claim
Some drops, too, of such splendid blood,
Some distant share of deathless fame.

"Yet still I think of what tears rained
From tender French and Spanish eyes
For all those glorious days we gained.
Oh, the sad price of victories!"

"Come, then!" I said, "witness one fight,
With triumph crowned, which cost no tear;
Waged gallant 'gainst the tempest's might."
Thus turned we to a canvas near.—

"Look! the King's frigate! and her foe!
The coast is Spain. Cruising to spy
An enemy, she finds him so,
Caught in a death-trap piteously.

"A great three-decker! Close a-lee
Wild breakers on the black rocks foam
Will drown the ship's whole company
When that one anchor's fluke comes home.

"Her foremast gone, she cannot set
Head-sails to cast her off the land;
These poor souls have to draw breath yet
As long as while a warp will stand.

" 'Tis war-time—time of mutual hate—
Only to keep off, therefore, tack—
Mark from afar 'Jean Crapaud's' fate,
And lightly to 'My Lords' take back

" Good news of the great liner, done
To splinters, and some thirty score
Of 'Mounseers' perished! Not a gun
To fire. Just stand by!—No more.

" Also the Captain who should go—
Eyes open—where this Gaul is driven,
Would steer straight into Hell's mid-woe
Out of the easy peace of Heaven.

" Well, let them strike and drown! Not he!
Not lion-hearted Paget!—No!
The war's forgot! He'll let us see
Seamanship at its topmost! Blow,

" Boatswain, your pipe! Endymions, hear!
Forward and aft, all hands on deck!
Let my sails draw, range hawsers clear;
Paget from fate his foe will pluck.

" So bears she down; the fair white flag
Hoisted, full friendly, at the main;
Her guns run in; twice to a rag
The stormsails tore, but set again.

" And when she rounds to wind, they swarm
Into their rigging, and they dip
The tricolour, with hearts made warm
By hope and love—Look there! his ship

" Inshore the doomed one! and you note
How, between life and death, he keeps
His frigate, like a pleasure boat,
Clean full and by; and while he sweeps

THE FRIGATE "ENDYMION"

47

"Athwart the Frenchman's hawse, lets go
His big sheet-anchor, buoys it—cast
Clear o'er the rail. They know, they know;
Here's help! here's hope! here's chance at last!

"For, hauling (you shall understand)
The English hawser o'er her sides,
All fear has fled of that black strand;
Safely the huge three-decker rides.

"Safe will she come to Brest again,
With Jean and Jacques, and Paul and Pierre,
And float, to fight King George's men,
Thanks to that goodly British gear!

"But woe to bold *Endymion*!
Never was darker plight for craft;
Laid-to—all but one anchor gone!
And those hard, fateful rocks abaft!

"Fresh saved from death, the Frenchmen watched
A sailor's highest lesson shown;
They view by skill that frigate snatched
From peril direr than their own.

"To beat to windward, she must fly
Round on the starboard tack; but drives
Full on the rocks, in staying: Try
To wear her, the same death arrives.

"One desperate shift remains! She brings
Her cable to the bits; makes fast;
Drops anchor; by the starboard swings,
And, when a-lee her stern is cast,

"Hauls on the bight and cuts adrift,
Sheets home her foresail, fills and swerves
A ship's length forth. Subtle and swift
Her aim the tempest's anger serves.

" In view of those safe-rescued men,
Foot by foot steals she room to live;
Self-stripped of hope except she win
The offing; none may succour give.

" A ship's length more, one ship's length more!
And then helm down! then something free
Comes the fierce blast. That leeward shore
Slides slow astern, that raging sea

" Widens. If once yon whitened reef
She weathers, 'tis a saviour saved!
Seamanship conquers. Past belief
She rounds. The peril hath been braved!

" Then louder than the storm-wind's yell
Rings in her wake the Frenchmen's cheer,
Bidding the good ship glad farewell
While the staunch frigate draws out clear.

" Never was nobler salvage made,
Never a smarter sea-deed done.

* * * * *

" Best of all fights, I love," she said,
" This fight of the *Endymion*."

The verses following the asterisk were omitted in the general version as being too technical. Sir Edwin Arnold most kindly sent me from Chicago his own copy with the complete poem for me to copy and return to him.—E. C. P.

REMINISCENCES



SWITHLAND CHURCH AND RECTORY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

My father's parish for fifteen years, and our early home.

(From a picture in my possession.)

REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

My father, the Rev. Edward James Paget, was the second son of Sir Charles and Lady Paget, and was born at Fair Oak on July 26, 1811. In due course he was sent to school at Harrow, instead of being sent, like his brothers in their early years, to sea. Of his school days I recollect one of the early reminiscences of my father. One day the head master was conducting some ladies through the school and gardens, and my father, happening to be at hand, opened a door for them to pass through, and so could not avoid hearing the master say, "There is a boy I can trust never to tell a lie."

It soon became necessary for him to choose a career, and it may serve to illustrate the customs and habits of thought of the early nineteenth century if I relate the circumstances under which my father took holy orders, as related to me by himself. All his brothers entered the Royal Navy, as was natural to sons of Sir Charles Paget. The eldest, Captain Charles Paget, died of illness at Southsea; his favourite brother, Horatio, was wounded as a midshipman at Navarino and died at sea; his youngest brother, Brownlow, a lieutenant in the Navy, died at sea on board the *Dublin*, in 1843.

My father himself longed to enter the Navy, but Lady Paget pleaded to keep one boy at home, and for some reason the lot fell to my father. On a certain eventful day, in good old feudal style, Sir Charles took my father to Uxbridge House to see what the Marquess of Anglesey, as head of the family, could do for him. Coming out from his interview, he found my father anxiously waiting, and as soon as they were outside said, "Well, Ned, I have seen him, and it must be the Church or the Civil Service. Which shall it be?" My father's one idea of the Civil Service was sitting in a dingy office all day writing at a desk, so he very naturally chose "the Church," though with a heavy heart. In consequence of this choice he was sent to Oxford as a junior student at Christ Church, for which Sir Charles secured him a nomination. There he found his cousin, Francis Paget, the eldest son of Sir Edward Paget, afterwards the Rector of Elford, a well-known Tractarian writer. "He endeavoured," to quote my father's description, "to keep me from kicking over the traces, but without much success." Mr. Gladstone also was a student of Christ Church at the same time, and my father used to tell us some rather sketchy impressions about him in those early days, and of his speaking at the Union.

On leaving Oxford, my father was ordained to the Curacy of Rogate in 1835, under the Rev. Mr. Green. It is rather a pathetic comment upon this enforced choice to know that his first sermon was preached from the text, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therein to be content." This curious fact was told us in comparatively recent years by a man who was present at the time and remembered the sermon. My father, I need hardly say, was entirely out of



THE REV. EDWARD JAMES PAGET,
My Father,
Circ. 1841, illustrating the clerical dress of the period.

touch with the Oxford Movement, and all that I remember him saying about it was to describe the horror of his old rector, Mr. Green, when Tract 90 came out. Once, too, in speaking of the general change in dress of the clergy in later years—1864, I think—he recalled his own astonishment and disgust at seeing Archdeacon Manning daring to confront the Bishop at some clerical gathering, "Clean-shaven and in the dress of a Roman priest," as it seemed to him in those days.

I may here, however, properly say that although my father thus became a clergyman somewhat *malgré lui*, and contrary to the traditions of his family, he was always entirely reverent and loyal in the discharge of his sacred duties. He came to be much beloved by his parishioners in Swithland during the fifteen years he was rector there, and upon leaving was begged by the Bishop to remain, and was granted eighteen months' leave of absence in the hope that he might change his mind and return from Canada to his parish again. In his last charge, the parish of Steppingley, in Bedfordshire, which he held from 1864 till his death, he gained a remarkable hold upon the somewhat stolid people, the church was well filled, his plain, manly sermons much liked, and there was much lamentation when illness compelled him to remove to the seaside in 1867. A good old Baptist in the village used to come regularly to church, and told my father that after he had heard his first sermon he knew that he had the root of the matter in him and that he ought to come to hear the Gospel.

To resume. When my grandfather received his appointment to the West Indies, February, 1837, he nominated my father as his chaplain on his flagship,

the *Cornwallis*, doubtless much to my father's joy. One can fancy how much at home he felt among the officers and bluejackets. On one Sunday, so he told us, they were becalmed and he was conducting service and preaching. Suddenly his father, the Admiral, leaned over and pulled his surplice: "Cut it short, Ned; here comes a breeze!"

He must have shared in the trip up the St. Lawrence, and the interesting expeditions to the Lakes and to Niagara in 1838, and possibly it was this early glimpse of Canada that inspired his later desire to settle there. On his sad return home after Sir Charles' death, my father, as the home son, had the chief burden of winding up the estate, and soon after this was accomplished, was presented by the Lord Chancellor to the living of Swithland, in Leicestershire, into which benefice he was inducted on August 29, 1841. I have in my possession the old documents of Institution and Induction. This promotion enabled him to take the step he had long desired, and on October 22, 1841, he was married to my mother, Emma Catharine Thewles, in Rogate Church.

My mother, Emma Catharine Thewles, was born in 1809, the second daughter of Major-General Thewles, who owned an estate in Galway, and who was in command of the Southwest Division of England at the time of his death. The somewhat peculiar name of Thewles is, I suppose, an Irish one, and I have never heard of any other family of that name.

My maternal grandmother was the daughter of a Mr. Edward Ravenscroft, described as of Portland Place, London, and they had two sons, one of whom—James—died as a boy; the other—my Uncle John—married and had two sons. He lived at Rugby, and we

saw hardly anything of him or his family. Besides these sons there were three daughters. Of these, the eldest, my Aunt Fanny, married Captain Lyon, of Dangstein Park, near Rogate; the second was my mother; the third, my Aunt Maria, who never married and who bore a very important part in our lives.

At her husband's death, Mrs. Thewles removed with her two younger daughters to Southampton, to be near her sister, Lady Henry Paulet, of Little Testwood, and remained there till her death. After my grandmother's death (1835, I think) my mother and my Aunt Maria took Fining Cottage, in the Parish of Terwick, and close to Rogate, so as to be near their married sister. My Aunt Maria used to tell us how a report of my mother's beauty, which was renowned in the Southampton balls, had preceded her, and how Sir Charles Paget, gallant as a true sailor should be, declared that they must call at once upon the beautiful Miss Thewles. So after dinner he and one or two of the sons rode over to call, and this was, I suppose, the occasion on which my father and mother first met.

CHAPTER II.

SWITHLAND.

I HAVE a letter from my mother to my Aunt Maria, after her marriage, in which she gives her first impressions of her new home. Both she and my father were of the south country and had lived amid a circle of friends and neighbours all their lives, so that the translation to the Midlands and an entirely strange environment were at first a little trying. However, the young people soon made a new circle of friends for themselves and found in the squire of the parish, the Earl of Lanesborough, and his Countess, not only loyal supporters but intimate and personal friends. The Lanesboroughs, who had no children of their own, took a great fancy to my eldest brother Horace, a handsome and talented boy, and on more than one occasion took him with them on a visit to London. After Horace came my three sisters, Fanny Elizabeth, Eleanor Caroline, and Frederica Maria, then my second brother Charles Berkeley, and finally myself, the youngest, born August 14, 1851, the year of the First Exhibition.

Casting the searchlight of memory back through childhood's days in our old Swithland home, there is, of course, very little that one can recall. I remember, however, with a strange distinctness, the general plan of the house; the nursery where I used to kneel at my nurse's knee for my evening prayer; my mother's room; and the drawing room down stairs, with its piano, where my mother played and sang old-fashioned



EMMA CATHERINE PAGET,
My Mother.
Second daughter of Major-General Thewles, circ. 1841.

songs in which I took great delight, and the words and tunes of which I remember to this day. Then there was a big sofa under a window where my father sat and would tell me thrilling stories about caravans crossing the desert, parching with thirst and at the point of death until the camel scented water from afar and set off at a good round pace to it. On one such occasion I was wrought up to the verge of tears and my mother hastily interposed to have the rescue hastened. Out of doors there comes back to me quite vividly the figure of old Morris, the gardener, sharpening his scythe, and the delicious scent of the new-mown grass, also the great oak and the laurel shrubbery. Once my nurse took me inside the Church, but I was too young to be taken to service. Another incident comes back to me quite clearly. My parents used to breakfast in the study looking out on the lawn. Sometimes I was allowed to go in to them and have a delicious taste of fresh boiled egg. On one of these occasions a hare ran across the lawn to a clump of laurels and my father, who was a keen sportsman and an excellent shot, seized his gun and I was allowed to stand near while the gardener beat the bush. In a moment there was a flash and a loud report and the hare rolled over, but I was much too frightened to think of anything but that horrible "bang!"

It must have been about 1855 that my father caught the emigration fever. The ostensible reason for this suggested move was the expense of bringing up a large family in England, and especially the schooling of the boys, but I believe the real secret motive was the old roving spirit of the navy which he had never lost. Fifteen years in a little country parish he had

loyally endured, but he was still a young man and yearned for adventure and the freedom and wild sport in a new country.

It was in 1855 that my father sailed for Canada to "prospect," and during his absence we went to live at Anglesey, near Gosport, so as to be near my Aunt Maria, who had made her home there. On my father's return he wished to resign his parish at once, but the Bishop of Peterborough begged him to take a year's leave of absence instead, so that in the event of his finding cause to change his mind, he might return to Swithland. I have the license among my old papers, dating from April, 1856, to December 31, 1857. This was surely lenient and generous action on the Bishop's part.



HORATIO EDWARD PAGET,
My Eldest Brother.
Aged circ. six years.
(From a painting in my possession.)

CHAPTER III.

WE SETTLE IN CANADA, 1856.

At length all the packing up was over, the farewells ended, and the family left the home of so many years for the essay of a new world. Our first stage was Derby, where we spent the night, and upon the following morning I have a curious remembrance of our driving to the station and coming in sight of the mysterious railway carriages. For some reason we had to wait several days before sailing, and these were spent in lodgings or a hotel at Waterloo. There a vivid memory comes back of standing on the wide spreading sands and watching the *Persia*, of the Cunard Line, with high paddle boxes, steaming out to the Channel. She was then regarded as one of the finest ocean liners. Our own passage was taken in the *North American*, of the Allan Line, and I have always understood that she was either the first ship of that line to sail up to Montreal, or that this was her maiden voyage. It proved a long and rough one; we got among the ice and sprang a leak, the pumps were manned and my father, with his old naval instincts aroused, was for a time in real alarm about our condition. However, the ship survived and in due time deposited us in Montreal. We were conveyed at once to the old St. Lawrence Hall, then the only first-class hotel in the city, and flourishing under the management of the excellent Mr. Logan, who retained the position as well as the friendship and esteem of his customers until the day of his death at a com-

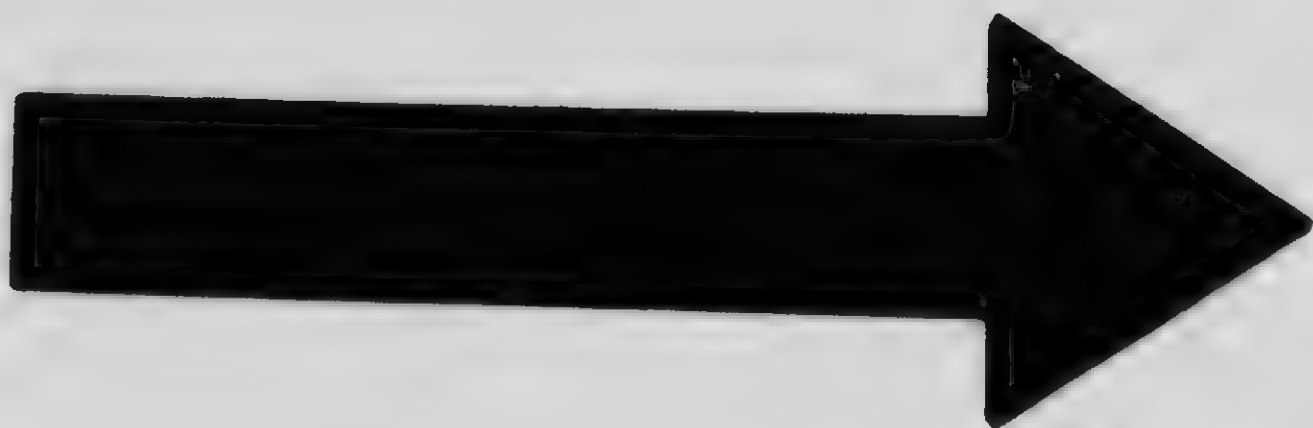
paratively recent date. Just one bright and interesting bit of recollection comes back to me from that first Canadian experience; it is of the tall and venerable form of good Bishop Fulford standing on the steps of the Hall to greet us, and of Mrs. Fulford coming forward to welcome my mother, and giving me a kiss, which latter performance from a stranger I cordially disliked.

Of our journey to Upper Canada, as it was then called, I remember nothing. We went up, I believe, by boat, and landed at Cobourg, whence we drove out in the early morning to Tangley, a house belonging to a wealthy English gentleman, Mr. Stanleigh, whom my father had met and who either rented or lent the house to us. We lived at Tangley till the following spring and then moved to "The Cottage," an unpretending frame building situated in a clearing in the forest about two miles from the village of Grafton. My father, meanwhile, had bought some land, about fifty acres, I think, from Mr. Stanleigh, and was building upon it a substantial brick house. This was in the spring and summer of 1857.

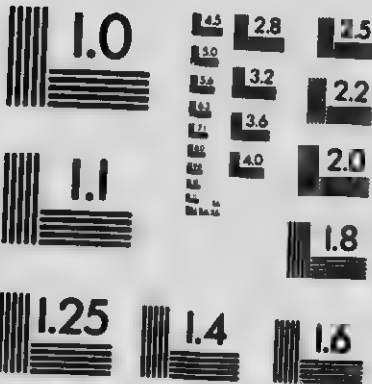
Of this preliminary portion of our life in Ontario I was, of course, too young, being then about five and a half years of age, to remember much. But I can recall the delight at the first Canadian winter, the deep snowdrifts, my little sleigh in which my sisters used to drag me at a fast trot, and also the excitement of watching Horace and my elder sisters as they enjoyed the thrilling experience of coasting down hills on little sleds. There was also, I recollect, a quaint old Irish couple living in a house not far off who took a lively interest in all of us. Their name was Peg, and Maria Peg, the



EDWARD RAVESCROFT, ESQ.,
My Great-Grandfather.
At Portland Place, London, 1823.
(From a painting in my possession.)



(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 281 - 5989 - Fax

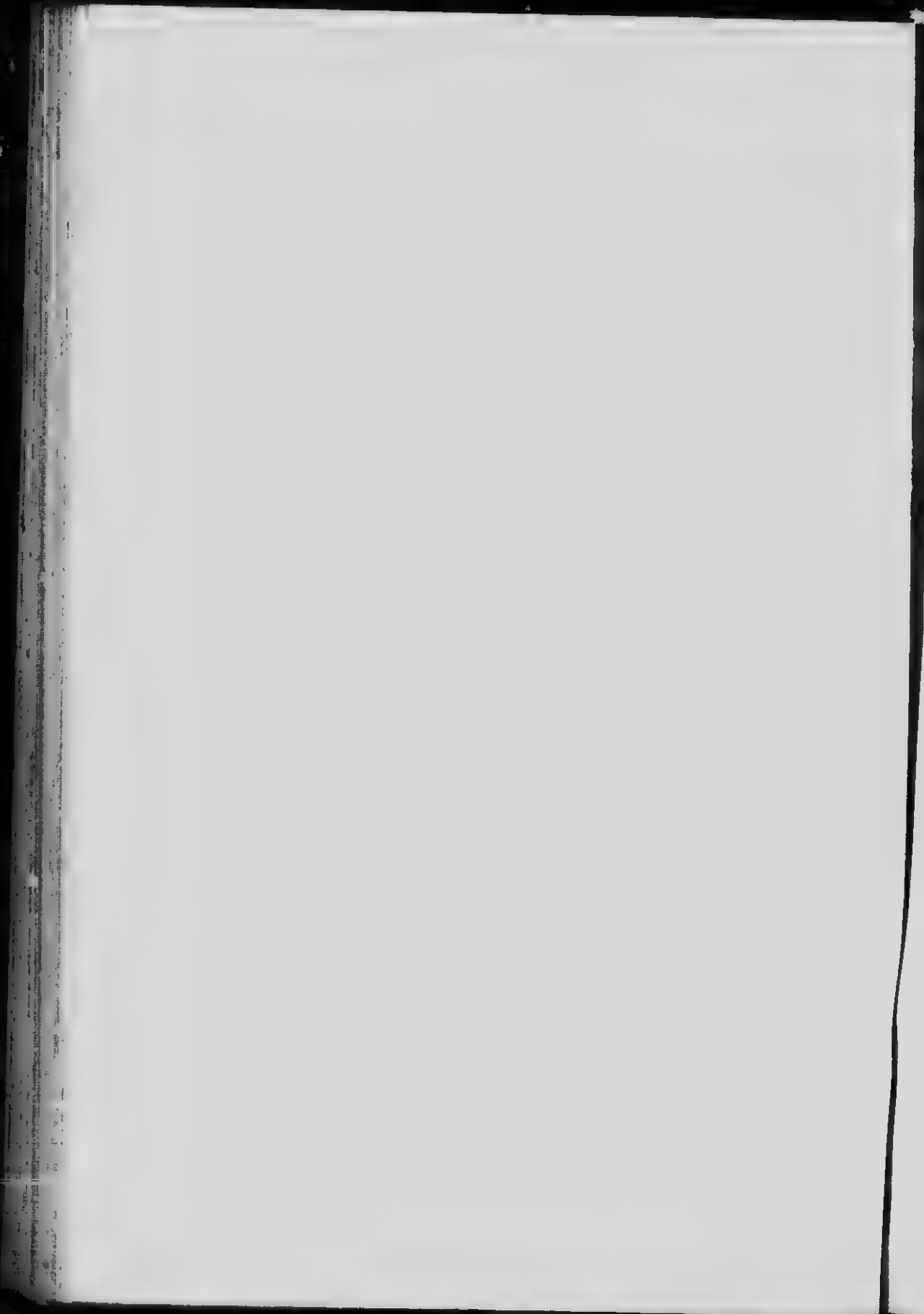
daughter, who would come over and wash for us, caused constant amusement by her drolleries. Old Jeremiah Peg greatly admired my eldest brother and would exclaim triumphantly as he observed the young people tobogganing down a steep hill, "There goes the boy overgetting the girls!" Horace and my two elder sisters almost at once fell into our new condition with enthusiasm; they grew helpful about the house, in the kitchen, and caring for the little ones. Soon the servant we had brought out with us proved incapable through drink and was dismissed, whereupon my mother, who had never known what it meant to do household work, at once proved herself an excellent cook, and with the help of the older children managed for some time without assistance. The recreation of Horace and his two elder sisters was the taking of long walks, which soon grew into their favourite pastime. They thought nothing of walking into Cobourg and back through the deep snow, and the sinking up to their waists in drifts was a delightful adventure to be related at the tea-table on their return. On one occasion, which I can faintly recollect, they embarked on a more daring scheme and one not without risk. After my father had rented "The Cottage" near Grafton, from its owner, an old and much respected settler, Mr. Amos Moore, our furniture was gradually taken over in the sleigh. My brother and sisters thought it would be a fine plan for them to walk over there and put the cottage to rights and so save my mother a good deal of work and anxiety when the actual move was made. It was in the depths of winter and my father happened to be away, but they gained my mother's permission, and taking some provisions set bravely forth on their five-mile tramp to

the village of Grafton and on to the somewhat lonely lane which led up to Mr. Moore's cottage. It was certainly a risky undertaking, for my brother was then only just fourteen and my sisters, respectively, thirteen and twelve. However, they finally reached their destination, to the astonishment of the old woman who was in charge of it, and kindled a fire. Somehow they got mattresses and blankets together and managed to camp out very happily and were all ready for work next morning, when they were a good deal disappointed to see my father, who was always very nervous about our safety, driving up very early in the morning to look after them.

Of our stay in the cottage I cannot remember much, save the interest and charm of the thick woods which lay around it. A rough trail was cut through the forest to the east which led to the land which my father had bought. I can recollect my brother Berkeley, who was then a very little fellow, used to go over every morning there for milk. Our house was finished and we moved into it, I think, about August or September, 1857. It was named "Swithland Lodge," in memory of our old home, and stood on a splendid site. From the upper windows there was a glorious view over intervening farmlands and woods to the blue waters of Lake Ontario, which was distant from us about two miles. On the east a brook ran down through a belt of fine timber and separated our farm from Mr. Stanleigh's estate. There was a good-sized barn near this brook and new stables and woodshed had been built in the rear of the house. A good flower and kitchen garden was fenced off on the west side and beyond this the "cow's lane" led between snake fences to a tree-clad hill which abounded in



LADY HENRY PAULET,
My Mother's Aunt,
Of Little Testwood.



raspberries and which was the favourite resort for picnics. Further west of the house stretched a large field, in the centre of which was the "Round Hill," where my mother used often to walk in order that she might sit there and enjoy the view and the fresh breeze from the lake in the sultry summer days.

My recollections of the two years at Swithland Lodge were full of sunshine and warm odours of the woods. One of our pet pastimes as children was building houses for ourselves; and one of them, the most permanent, was set up in a remote corner of the garden, under magnificent trees and across a little rill. This was our favourite playground, and there the excitement of chasing squirrels and chipmunks up and down the snake fences was a never-ending delight. The squirrels always escaped us, but the chipmunks we frequently drove to earth and captured with the aid of our old dog "Smut." The skins my brother used to dry, and I wore a cap made from them for some time.

My memory recalls special delights when my father in the summer would drive us in the two-seated buggy down to the lake. A bathe and tea on the shore were always features in the programme and we would return home in the cool of the evening while the whip-poor-will, the night-hawk, and not infrequently the wild cry of the raccoon broke the stillness. On one occasion I remember a more adventurous time. My father and Horace had gone to Cobourg to bring home a skiff which the latter had purchased and christened the *Magenta*, after the recent victory of the French over the Austrians. My mother and the rest of us were to meet them on the lake shore, but the wind had risen and considerable waves rolled in

on the pebbly beach. Though only about seven years old, I can distinctly remember seeing the little boat appear and then disappear in the trough of the waves and as they passed the head of the rough little wharf, hearing my father shout some directions to us. In a moment more the catastrophe happened, for the crank little craft capsized with them the moment they had turned inshore. However, they were both swimmers and managed to land in safety and drag up the boat. Both, of course, were drenched to the skin, but hurried home and were none the worse for the experience. It was afterwards a great joke with us against my father, that as he was hurrying my brother home he determined to ask at a farm house for a glass of whisky to warm them up. In scrambling hastily over the fence, a rail slipped and he fell over in very undignified fashion, but ran on and knocked at the door. A very prim Canadian woman opened the door, to whom he preferred his request. "No," she replied, regarding his dripping and dishevelled condition with a cold grey eye of disfavour, "we keep no spirits in this house."


We can, I think, none of us realize what emigration means to an Englishwoman of my mother's antecedents and education—the newness and rawness of the life, the absence of any trained and efficient servants, but above all the separation from loved relatives in the old homeland. It was, I am sure, a real martyrdom to her, though she was unselfish and bright with her children and entered into their enjoyments and interests. The climate and the life affected her health and it was, I think, in the second year of our life at Grafton that it was decided that she, with my sisters and myself, should return for a while to England.

CHAPTER IV.

WE RETURN TO ENGLAND.

IN September, 1859, we sailed from Quebec in the Allan liner *Hungarian*, which not long afterwards went down with all hands off Sable Island. Certain incidents of that journey made in my eighth year impressed themselves upon me indelibly. I recall the long drive into Cobourg in the pleasant summer evening in the carriage drawn by my beloved "Old Jimmy," with my father and my brother Berkeley. Some time in the evening I was awakened to bid good-bye to Horace and Berkeley, who, poor boys, were to return by themselves to the lonely home, as my father accompanied us to Quebec. About 2 a.m. we were taken down the rotten old wharf and beheld the steamer *Kingston*, brilliant with lights and with a tinkling piano go'ug, come sheering in upon us. I recall the shooting of the rapids of the St. Lawrence next day, but not much else of the journey except being ravenously hungry on board ship, while my sisters were terribly prostrate with sea-sickness.

Arrived in London we met my Aunt Maria Thewles at the Euston Hotel, a tall figure in black which rather terrified me. How little did I then realize the depths of her loving and unselfish nature. We returned with my aunt to Anglesey for a while, and then took a little house, "Landscape Cottage," in Wood Street, Ryde. I can recollect the charm of everything there, the novelty of the English ways, and the pleasure that it was to all of us children to help in the



housework. My mother had the ambition to manage so that we should live on her own income without appealing to my father for help, as he needed everything for the farm, and so, gladly and sturdily, we children were all fired with the same ambition and were proud of all we could save. A governess was secured for my sisters, one of whose favourite replies to any puzzling question became a source of perennial amusement to us, "Really, people don't usually ask such questions." Exactly opposite to us was a house where an old and irascible-looking gentleman named White spent great pains upon his garden, and where a magnificent tree-geranium almost covered one side of the house.

My first initiation into regular "lessons" was under a little Miss Paul, who came two or three times a week to teach my youngest sister Frederica and myself. She wanted me to go to a boys' school near by, kept by her father, and though a most shy and nervous little fellow, I began gradually to like the notion, but my mother had a horror of schools for young and delicate boys and refused to let me go.

Early in the spring of 1860 we moved into a larger house, "Lisburn Villa," in Melville Street, with a nice garden. During the summer my aunt, Mrs. Lyon, my mother's eldest sister, and her three daughters took a house in Ryde. Mary, the eldest daughter, an exceptionally handsome girl and a splendid horse-woman, used to drive and ride about to our great admiration. I remember on one occasion two "flies" were hired and our combined households drove over to picnic at Sandown, which was a great event in our quiet home life. It was, I think, in the autumn of 1860 that we left Ryde and settled in No. 2,

Verandah Cottage, in Anglesey, so as to be near to my Aunt Maria, who resided then, and till her death, at No. 2 St. Mark's Place. This was a pretty little house, with a good garden stretching down to what was called "the Lake," but which was really an arm of Portsmouth Harbour, and therefore only "a lake" at high tide. It may not be out of place here to say a word or two about Anglesey, which was a sort of second home to us in early days and must always hold a very dear and intimate place in my memory and affection.

Everyone knows the Solent which stretches between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. At the east end lies Spithead, the famous anchorage of our warships. Portsmouth Harbour runs in from the north-eastern quarter, with the towns of Portsmouth on the eastern side and Gosport on the west. Inland from Gosport and about a mile from the Solent lies the village of Alverstoke, the mother parish of Gosport and its suburbs, Forton, Elson, and Brockhurst. Some time in the thirties or forties an enterprising merchant of Gosport built a crescent of houses of the style of Bath and Cheltenham, with a hotel at one end, and named this new seaside resort Anglesey, after the Marquess of Waterloo fame. A public garden and baths followed—which were surrounded by a high iron fence and shrubs so as to be quite private and exclusive. A hideous brand new brick church was reared so that no requisite should be lacking. A few private residences of the better sort were built, a few smaller and less expensive dwellings for those of humbler means—*et voila* Anglesey!—as I first knew it. In those early days a splendid open common, golden with gorse and bird's-foot, with charming bright

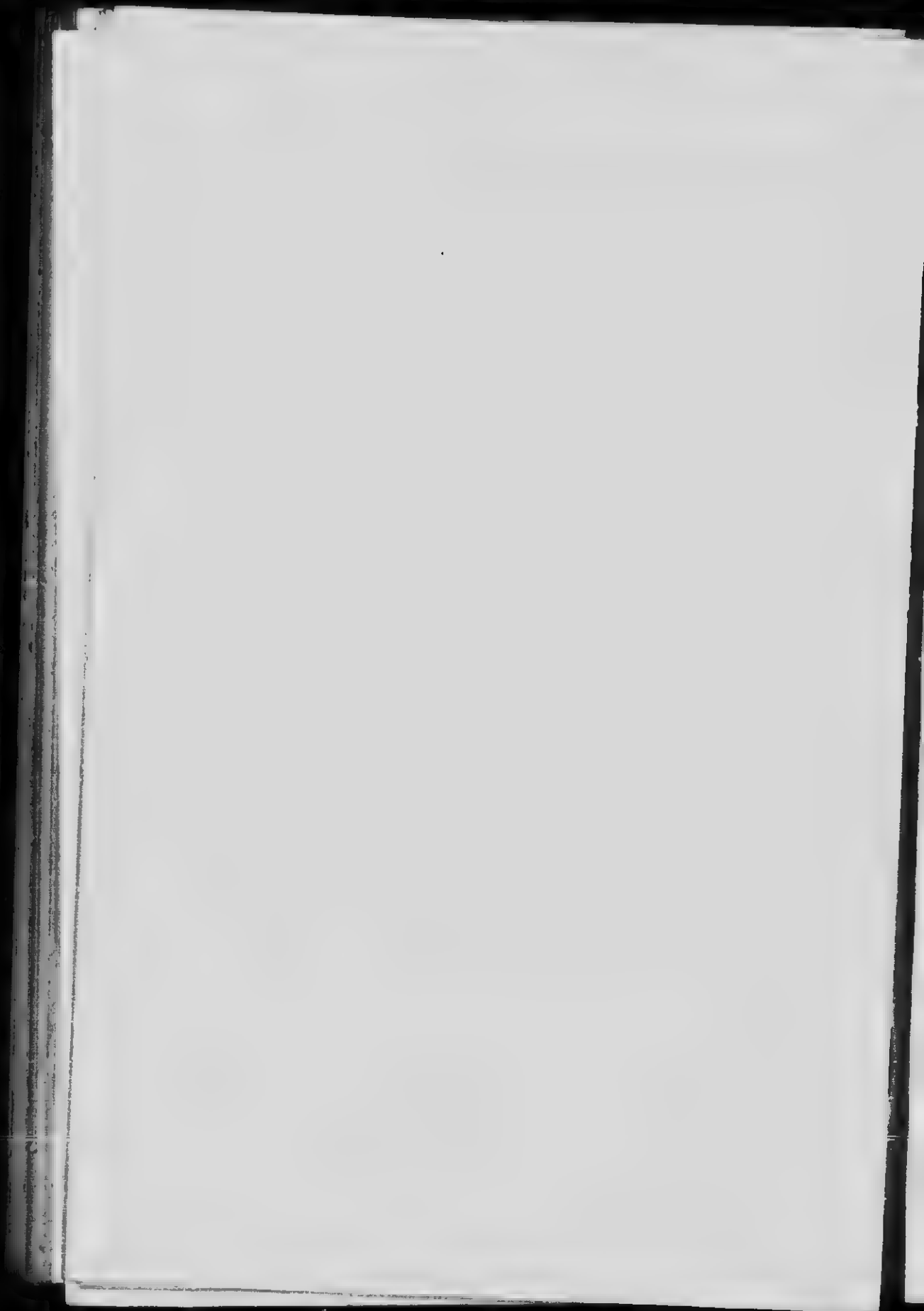
patches of sea-pinks interspersed here and there, stretched from Fort Monkton on the east to the Bury House (famous for Carlyle's visits) on the west, and was continued on to Brown Down. From Anglesey to the sea across this common was a delightful ramble of half-a-mile, and the common road which ran right round from Monkton to Brown Down was a favourite drive. In those dear old days there was no railway and no pier. Gosport was our nearest station and the green wildness of gorse and turf was unbroken by the line of military canals and ramparts and the great Gilkicker Fort which the dread of Napoleon III. caused to distort the fair face of nature. The loneliness of the fine shingly beach was broken only by the three old bathing machines which appeared there every spring and wintered in a little place close to the public gardens.

The parish of Alverstoke was made famous by the visits of the celebrated Archdeacon, afterward Bishop, Wilberforce, who was Rector till made Dean of Westminster, and who threw the full force of his wonderful powers upon the kindling of Church life in this large district. He set the tone of a reverent and earnest church life of a thoroughly Anglican type—(not even the eastward position was used throughout the entire communion service)—and this tone was admirably maintained by his successor, Canon Thomas Walpole, who was Rector of Alverstoke for a long period.

Readers of "Cranford" would not have much difficulty in picturing the quiet tranquillity of society in Anglesey. My Aunt Maria Thewles, like many of the other ladies of the parish, had been deeply impressed by the preaching of Bishop Wilberforce. Always of



THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS HEREFORD,
My Mother's First Cousin and my Godmother.



a deeply religious and retiring disposition, she developed into a most loyal and earnest churchwoman of the type of that era, and while admiring the Christian Year and using it regularly after the devout fashion of the earlier church movement, shrank from the more advanced teaching and practices of the later developments from Oxford.

During our stay at Anglesey, we made the acquaintance of a charming family, the Bailly-Hamiltons. The grandmother, Mrs. Grove, lived in No. 8, the Terrace, and her two grand-daughters and their governess made their home with her. Never having had any young companions of our own age, this friendship was a great epoch in our quiet lives, and those days were marked with a red letter when we were invited out to tea with the little Hamiltons. As daughters of a Captain in the Navy, they evinced their patriotism by having the flower beds in the pattern and colours of a Union Jack. Of those Anglesey days many pleasant remembrances still linger. An old friend of my mother's, Miss Fox, came to stay and gave us children the two delightful volumes of Anne Pratt on Wild Flowers. This started us botanizing on our own account, and the hedges along the Common Road yielded a wealth of flora quite unsuspected and unnoticed before. That delightful book, "Walks, Talks, Travels, and Exploits of Two Schoolboys," opened up a new world of bird and nest life to our young minds. Finally we caught—I think, from the little Hamiltons—an enthusiasm for sea creatures—sea-anemones, soldier crabs and the like—and an extempore aquarium was imported into the dining-room.

Those days in Anglesey always seem to have been full of sunshine, especially the evenings, and I have

vivid recollections of coming back from a ramble on the common or along the shore to a family tea with the sun streaming through the red curtains.

My mother's aunt, Lady Henry Paulet, of Little Testwood, came over sometimes and stayed at the hotel. On one occasion, while she was visiting my mother, a very aggressive and impudent peddler came to the door and refused to go away. Up got old Lady Henry—a majestic figure in black—and marched slowly to the door "Thank you, we do not want anything to-day—good-day." The man shrank away abashed, and she closed the door! On one occasion we were all invited to stay at Testwood, and this was a great event in our quiet lives. We were delighted to get into the heart of the beautiful country again, and took great interest in seeing the carriage come round every afternoon with coachman and footman, to take Lady Henry and my mother for a drive.

About this time, also, my mother's cousin, the Dowager Lady Hereford, came to live at Anglesey for a time with her eldest daughter, Sybil. She was my godmother, and we saw a good deal of them. Sybil, though older than my sisters, used to join most good-naturedly in all our games. Blanche Devereux, the younger daughter, was confirmed with my sisters under Canon Walpole's instruction.

CHAPTER V.

OUR RETURN TO CANADA, 1862.

IN the early summer of 1862 my eldest brother, Horace, came over to England, partly to visit the Exhibition at Paris and partly to escort us all back to Canada. While at Anglesey he stayed with my Aunt Maria, who loved him as her own son. I have by me several of her letters written to him at Grafton, overflowing with deep affection, and more than once giving expression to the heart-hunger she felt to see his face once more.

At length the time came for our departure, and I remember to this day the scene at the little dingy Gosport station, when the good-byes had been said and the train moved slowly out, leaving my aunt, a pathetic, lonely figure, on the platform. It seemed a sad fate, this separation of the two sisters, who had always been so much to one another, and for my aunt to be thus left to her lonely life while the whole affection of her wonderfully deep and tender nature was set upon my mother and her children, thus destined to be parted from her by the wide Atlantic.

The voyage out in the *Anglo-Saxon* was slow and uneventful; this vessel, too, was destined to meet with a sad end soon afterwards, when she was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland. My father met us at Quebec, and my mother, Horace, and my sister Eleanor went west by train, my father and the rest of us by boat. I remember how much we enjoyed the leisurely steam up the St. Lawrence in the *Champion*, in the

glorious August weather, the halt at Kingston, and the landing in the early morning at Cobourg. The drive out to Grafton was delicious, and with childish eagerness we recognized "Old Jimmy" browsing near the house, and my brother, Berkeley, grown very thin and tall, running down barefooted to meet us. He had been left almost alone, save for "Old Sally," the cook, and had spent the time in doing a man's work in harvesting the crops, while at night he slept on the verandah rather than in the dark, empty house, and so contracted ague, from which he suffered severely for some months.

Of the autumn and Christmas of 1862 I have no special recollection, but in January, 1863, my father and Horace set off for Quebec to interview the Governor-General, Lord Monck, with a view to securing for my brother a position in the Civil Service. It was while they were away upon this expedition that the event occurred which altered all our plans and led indirectly to our return to the Motherland. January, so far, had been a very open month, but on the fifteenth there were signs of a change. My sisters had been into Grafton for some shopping, and on their return reported it cold and a blustering wind. That evening we amused ourselves with dancing, and paid little attention to the gathering storm and wild, dismal wailing of the wind. It must have been somewhere about five o'clock that we were aroused by my brother Berkeley's terrified shout, "The house is on fire." He slept in a room looking toward the back, and had been wakened by a sheet of flame from the back premises sweeping past his window.

It was an experience never to be forgotten. Berkeley, thirteen and a half, and myself, eleven and



REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE PAGET, C.B.,
My Father's First Cousin and my Godfather.
Some time Secretary to the Admiralty and M.P. for Sandwich.
(From a picture in my possession.)

a half years old, were the only males in the house. Our nearest neighbours lived some distance away. Dressing hastily, we all set to work to save what we could, to pull the wagons and sleighs out of the woodshed and turn the horses out of the stable. Soon some men arrived and helped to carry out books, pictures and furniture, while they told me to go down and call up our nearest neighbour, Mr. Ennis. I shall never forget that struggle down through the drifts in the bitter blizzard, and finally falling into a ditch full of snow before at length I stood upon the Ennis' verandah and pulled the bell-rope with such violence that down it came. The good farmer came to the door in some wrath, which, however, was instantly turned into deep concern as he caught sight of the awful but magnificent spectacle of the large house upon the hill enveloped in a mass of flame, which was driven furiously onward by the blizzard from the north. These kind people insisted upon our coming in and having breakfast, and presently my mother and sisters were driven down in a sleigh. Then, after a little while, we all adjourned to Stillbrook, where some old friends, Mr. Charles Campbell and Major and Mrs. Wainwright, were living. Nothing could exceed their kindness and hospitality, and Major Wainwright drove into Cobourg and despatched a carefully worded telegram to my father. This actual telegram I found the other day in an old letter case. It runs: "Family safe at Stillbrook. House burnt this morning."

In the fire we lost a good deal in the way of furniture and household linen and clothes. My prized little library of books was burnt, but the chief things of value were in my father's dressing-room, which no one

thought to save. Among these articles was a valuable and much-prized gold snuff-box, the personal gift of George IV. to my grandfather, with an inscription on it, of which I have a dim recollection. For many days after the fire my brothers searched among the embers in the vain hope of finding this relic of the past, but it is needless to say, without result. Soon after my father's return from Quebec we moved back into Mr. Amos Moore's cottage on the other side of the wood, and there camped out, with such scanty furniture as we managed to scrape together, till the spring. During these winter months my youngest sister and I enjoyed ourselves greatly, as it became our prerogative every morning to harness up "Old Jimmy" and drive him in the "cutter" where any messages or parcels were required. We got to know every bend and turn of the road through the wood, including the narrow passage cut through an immense fallen tree, and a very sharp little pitch which made one catch one's breath as the sleigh flew down it.

My parents decided to move down to the old city of Kingston in the spring, and a sale was held, at which everything, including our beloved "Old Jimmy," passed into strange hands. At Kingston we settled in a house in Ordnance Road overlooking the Artillery Barracks, where a British regiment was quartered. We attended St. George's Cathedral, where Bishop Lewis, then recently consecrated, Dean Lauder, and the Rev. Mr. Loosemore officiated. My brother Horace was studying hard, as in fact he nearly always was, and he inspired me with ambition to master the first book of Euclid, which under his tuition I speedily accomplished.

To us children the opening up of the river and lake in the spring was an event of thrilling interest. We haunted the wharves at which the steamboats were being repainted, and got to know most of them by name. Then very early one bright morning sounded the loud, full blast of a steamboat, and I sprang out of bed in time to see the *Kingston*, the first regular boat of the Richelieu Line, come sweeping in past the houses and chimneys, her bright new white sides and gilded paddle-boxes gleaming in the sun. Soon we had learnt to recognize the whistle of every boat, and could tell without looking what steamer was coming in or going out. It was very interesting and mysterious, also, to see the little *By-town* come creeping down out of the Rideau Canal from the north on her trip from Ottawa. We were at Kingston through the excitement of an election, when Mr. (afterwards the celebrated Sir John A.) Macdonald was opposed by a Mr. Gildersleeve on the cry of "No canal tolls." Macdonald was duly elected.

It must, I think, have been in June that my parents, after much discussion (for my father was very loath to abandon the free country life in Canada which he loved), decided to return to the Old Country, and we took passage in the *Norwegian*, which, however, with the usual fatality at that time which seemed to haunt the ships in which we had taken passage, was wrecked on the island of St. Paul in the Gulf. This entailed a stay of over a week in the St. Lawrence Hall at Montreal, to which we had descended in the *Kingston*. We finally sailed in the *Bohemian* from Quebec, picking up the captain and some officers of the *Norwegian* at St. Paul's Island, and reaching Anglesey some time in July, 1863. My mother, who always suffered

greatly in travelling, and especially from sea-sickness, and who had been in poor health for some time, was exceedingly weak by the end of the journey, nor was she ever anything but an invalid afterward. We lived first at a house (No. 15) in the Terrace, and then at Albert Cottage in the village of Alverstoke. This autumn saw my father's resumption of clerical work, as curate of Pulham, in Dorset. My eldest brother, Horace, decided to enter the Army, and studied hard with a tutor in Southsea, walking over there every morning. It is interesting to us to remember both the ability and application of my eldest brother, Horace. While my mother and we were in England he fitted up a room as a study and worked regularly at French and mathematics by himself or with such help as he received from his friend, Mr. John Campbell. Captain and Mrs. Wainwright were special friends of my parents at Swithland Lodge, and often came to stay. Later, Mrs. Wainwright's mother settled near, and Horace used to go over to her for German lessons. Thus, though he had never had a day's regular schooling, or been tutored in any way, when he entered Dr. Kempshed's establishment at Southsea to study for the Army he very soon took a good place among the pupils. When a few years later he was persuading me to get my father to send me to a tutor in our neighbourhood, and I spoke of my backwardness and unwillingness to go among others, he replied, "Don't be afraid; the great thing is work; if you work steadily you will soon catch up any of them."

This time was noteworthy to us children by bringing the first introduction to any Paget relations. The first to call on us was Mrs. Charles Paget, the widow

of my father's eldest brother, and her two sons, Charles and Fitzclarence, with whom we soon became intimate. My Aunt Bessie Berners also came to see us, and later invited Horace and Eleanor to visit her at Blackheath. During the autumn my father took me over with him to Pulham for a few days' visit, and as I had never then been away by myself before it seemed a great event. I remember well the fine Rectory and its lawn and garden, but beyond everything I remember the big dining-room, where before the wide fireplace I sat lost to all outside events in the enchantment of "Martin Chuzzlewit." It was my first introduction to Dickens, and though I had to spend much time alone while my father was visiting or fulfilling parish engagements, those hours fled only too quickly. It may seem a curious thing, but it is a fact that though I was twelve years old I had never heard my father officiate in church or preach till that visit to Pulham, and I remember vividly the feeling of shyness when the clerk showed me into the Rectory pew, and the strange feeling of listening to my father preaching. It was a plain, stirring sermon on Jonah, which I remember still.

CHAPTER VI.

STEPPINGLEY.

SOON after this, through the influence of his cousin, who was also my godfather, Lord Clarence Paget, at that time Secretary to the Admiralty, the Lord Chancellor offered my father the living of Steppingley, near Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. Thither we removed in March, 1864, and were delighted to settle down in a comfortable house which was really home once more, with a fine large garden and a plentiful orchard of apples, pears, plums and cherries.

The village was a small one, and consisted of four farms with their labourers, while the women and girls were nearly all straw plaiters. My father, though he had been so long out of clerical work, gave his whole heart to the parish, and by assiduous visiting and plain, earnest preaching soon won the affection and confidence of his people. The neighbourhood, too, as was natural, called, and was very cordial in its welcome. I must only delay to mention the extreme kindness of old Lord and Lady Wensleydale, who became such true friends. Lord and Lady Charles Russell and their young people used also frequently to come over from Woburn for a game of croquet; and scarcely a day passed but Horace and my two eldest sisters would walk several miles to the croquet parties in the neighbourhood. That was a glorious summer, and it was during those almost tropical days that my brother Horace came one day out on to the lawn with the daily paper in his hands containing the long-looked-for



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES THEWLEN,
My Godfather.
Commanding the Western Division of England at his death.
(From a miniature in my possession.)

list of the successful candidates in the Army examination. "Well," my father cried, "is it all right?" "Yes," replied my brother in his quiet voice, "I am eighth." This, out of a list of over one hundred who had passed, caused great joy and pride in the family. It was not very long when, through the influence of my mother's cousin, Lord William Paulet, he received his commission as ensign in the 87th Regiment of the Line, the Royal Irish Fusiliers. It was, I think, just before Christmas that he left home to join his regiment at the Grange Fort, near Gosport, to the no small delight of my Aunt Maria, upon whom he was constantly able to look in. The year 1865 was marked by a serious attack of typhoid, to which both my eldest sister, Fanny, and my brother Berkeley were victims. I was sent away for safety to my Aunt Maria, where I enjoyed a most delightful seaside visit, rendered all the more pleasant by the neighbourhood of my eldest brother. When my sister was strong enough to travel my mother came with her to Southsea, and there I joined them. This was my dear mother's last visit to her beloved south country and seaside, and upon her return home she gradually sank more into invalid ways. As a last hope my father had a celebrated physician down from London, but no benefit resulted, and I may mention as an evidence of Horace's love for our mother, and of his unselfishness, that I have a letter of his to my father, of about that date, in which he offers to pay the not inconsiderable cost of a second visit from the London doctor if it might be of any use. When it is remembered that he had to live with very strict economy on his ensign's pay and a small monthly allowance from his aunt, Miss Thewles, it speaks a good deal for his manly self-denial that he should have

been able and willing to make this offer. The sad time wore on, we, the younger children, of course, not understanding the full meaning of it. My two eldest sisters and my father did all the nursing by day and night, and no stranger intruded upon those sacred hours.

At last came my sister Fanny's birthday, May 24, 1866—a day I shall never forget. My dear mother, with her wonted loving thoughtfulness, had planned that we younger children should go for a picnic in the Duke of Bedford's woods. We went in the morning, and enjoyed it much, though a sort of shadow of coming evil seemed to brood over our merrymaking. Returning in the afternoon, a croquet tournament was arranged between the three elder (for Horace was at home on leave) and the three younger ones. This went on for a time, until a message was sent out for us to stop. It was then, I think, that for the first time the long lowering shadow rushed down as a pall of bitter blackness upon my young life. My mother had always been everything to me, and the thought of life without her seemed inconceivable, unbearable. How clearly I remember the long, lonely hours as I paced the floor of my little bedroom in the dark, or knelt in an agony of prayer that this dear life might be spared. Then, at length, I know not when, my sisters came sobbing to the door and told me that all was over, and took me down to see the cold, still form, my first sight of death. What need to dwell upon the sad, desolate days that followed?—who has not been through them?—succeeded by the quiet funeral, when we all stood round the grave with my father, and a kind neighbouring clergyman, the Rev. W. Brooks, of Flitwick, read the service.

It was not long after my mother's death that I paid a long visit to my Aunt Maria, just before she took her annual summer holiday. This year she had taken lodgings at Bembridge, and upon landing at Ryde we engaged a "fly" to convey us to that rather remote village. This in the case of my aunt was always a matter of time and difficulty, for she had to the full the horror of being cheated by a cabman, which at that epoch was characteristic of Englishwomen on their travels. She had a most painful and distressing stammer, yet she would never allow the negotiation to be carried on by her maid or others, and we had to stand by while the haggling over a sixpence more or less went on. When at length the ordeal was over we enjoyed the most delightful drive up the St. John's Road, by Spring Vale and Sea View, to St. Helens, and thence across the Haven in a primitive ferry boat to the remote little village of Bembridge. In those days there was no branch line of rail direct from Brading, nor steamer direct from Southsea, nor was there any pier for them to land at. So that Bembridge was beloved by those who, like my aunt, abhorred tourists and crowds. We had a quiet but happy time there together, and enjoyed the services at the village church. From Bembridge there are most delightful walks by paths and lanes overgrown with blackberries to White Cliff Bay, at the extreme eastern end of the island. Thither I frequently strolled, book in hand, and would spend long hours on the beach, which was usually quite deserted, and then, after a bathe, pursue my way to the foot of the great Culver Cliffs. There sometimes at low tide a delightful walk lay over the white stones to the very point of Dun Nose, where the sea-pools were brilliant with sea-anemones. Or one could,

instead, climb up on to the Down and gain the full breadth of the Channel view. Somewhere on the south face of the cliff was a cavern called the "Hermit's Cave," and I could not rest till I had discovered it. The steep green slope of the Down seemed to carry one to the very edge of the sheer cliff, and it took many cautious experiments before the exultant moment when I espied a narrow white path running down through a little rift which led round the face of the rock to the mysterious cave of the Hermit, from which one could gaze right out over the sea and watch the many ships going up or down Channel.

That year, 1866, was a sorrowful year for us, for soon after my mother's death my father fell a prey to his old enemy, rheumatism, which, taking advantage of his depressed and weakened condition, fastened a grip upon him which never relaxed. The whole of that autumn he was fighting a losing battle, till the sad Sunday morning when he had to dismiss the congregation without a sermon, so as to be able to finish the Communion Service. After that we had to get clerical assistance, and my father went with Berkeley to try the Buxton baths, but without any appreciable benefit. I joined them there, a very notable adventure for me, and we returned home together. In the early summer it was decided that we must leave the Rectory and try the seaside air of Hythe, in Kent.

Some time in the autumn of 1866 we had two visitors. My Aunt Georgie Kennedy, my father's youngest sister, came down to us from her home in St. John's Wood. We all liked her very much and found her vivacious and cheery, and she brightened us all up. We little thought then how this seemingly chance acquaintance with a hitherto unknown relative would

influence our lives in the future. The time came for us to leave; an excellent *locum tenens* had been discovered in the person of an Irish clergyman, the Rev. Charles Hare, of Limerick, who was a cousin of our friends the Wingfields of Ampthill, and one morning a number of the parishioners gathered to say good-bye with sobs and blessings as they saw my poor father, white and crippled, helped into the cab. They afterwards collected among themselves, and presented him with a handsome silver teapot and cream-jug, which are still in my possession.

The journey was, of course, an anxious and painful one. At Watford my father's eldest sister, my Aunt Car, and her husband, the Hon. Algernon Capel, a brother of the Earl of Essex, saw him for a moment or two.

Kent was to us an unknown region, and the glorious hopfields and quaint Post-houses were objects of great interest. From Westenhanger it was a drive of three miles down to Hythe, and there we settled, first at No. 9 in the Parade, then No. 6, and finally leased No. 8 by the year. We reached Hythe, so far as I can remember, in the month of July, 1867.

CHAPTER VII.

HYTHE. 1867-1869.

THE ancient town of Hythe is one of the Cinque Ports, and possesses a magnificent church, which is famous for its curious crypt with a remarkable collection of skulls, about which very various theories have been held. It is also the site of the School of Musketry. At the time that we moved to Hythe, my brother Horace was quartered at Shorncliffe, about two miles away, so that he was quite frequently with us. Hythe stands just at the entrance to the Romney Marsh, which stretches away to Dungeness and the Fairlight Downs above Hastings. Eastward lies Sandgate, at the foot of the hill on which are the tents of Shorncliffe Camp, and about two miles farther is Folkestone. Inland the country is charming, rich with all such vegetation as flourishes on the chalk. Saltwood, with its historic castle, the property of the Deedes family, is about a mile and a half from Hythe and was one of our favourite walks. Here it was that the assassins of Thomas à Becket slept the night before they committed their crime.

Looking over the past, the Hythe period seems to have been one of transition. Hitherto we had been children, looking to our parents for guidance even in the daily affairs of life. But from the time of our removal to Hythe my father was bed-ridden and a great sufferer, so that we had practically to decide things for ourselves. My eldest sister, with her quiet and loyal wisdom, became our natural head.

It is curious to look back and to realize how circumstances which seemed purely fortuitous at the time, were the divinely-ordered means of shaping one's future life. We happened to select Hythe because my brother was quartered near, and because he, having been there for his musketry course, had taken a fancy to the quaint old town. But Hythe brought us within easy distance of Folkestone, which at that time, under its vigorous young Vicar, Matthew Woodward, was becoming a centre of vigorous church work and teaching.

My father was a churchman, as we have seen, of the old-fashioned type, with no affiliation with any "party," and no interest in ecclesiastical politics. As a consequence we had grown up in absolute ignorance of the Oxford Movement, or of anything like "Ritualism." Our highest conception of a church service was the very mild but reverent Anglicanism of Canon Wa'pole at Alverstoke.

It was a sermon preached at a week-night Lenten service in Hythe on the subject of family prayer, by Mr. Woodward, that was the "Assize Sermon" in our lives. We immediately began family prayer, and every Sunday afternoon conducted a regular service in my father's bedroom, which he greatly enjoyed.

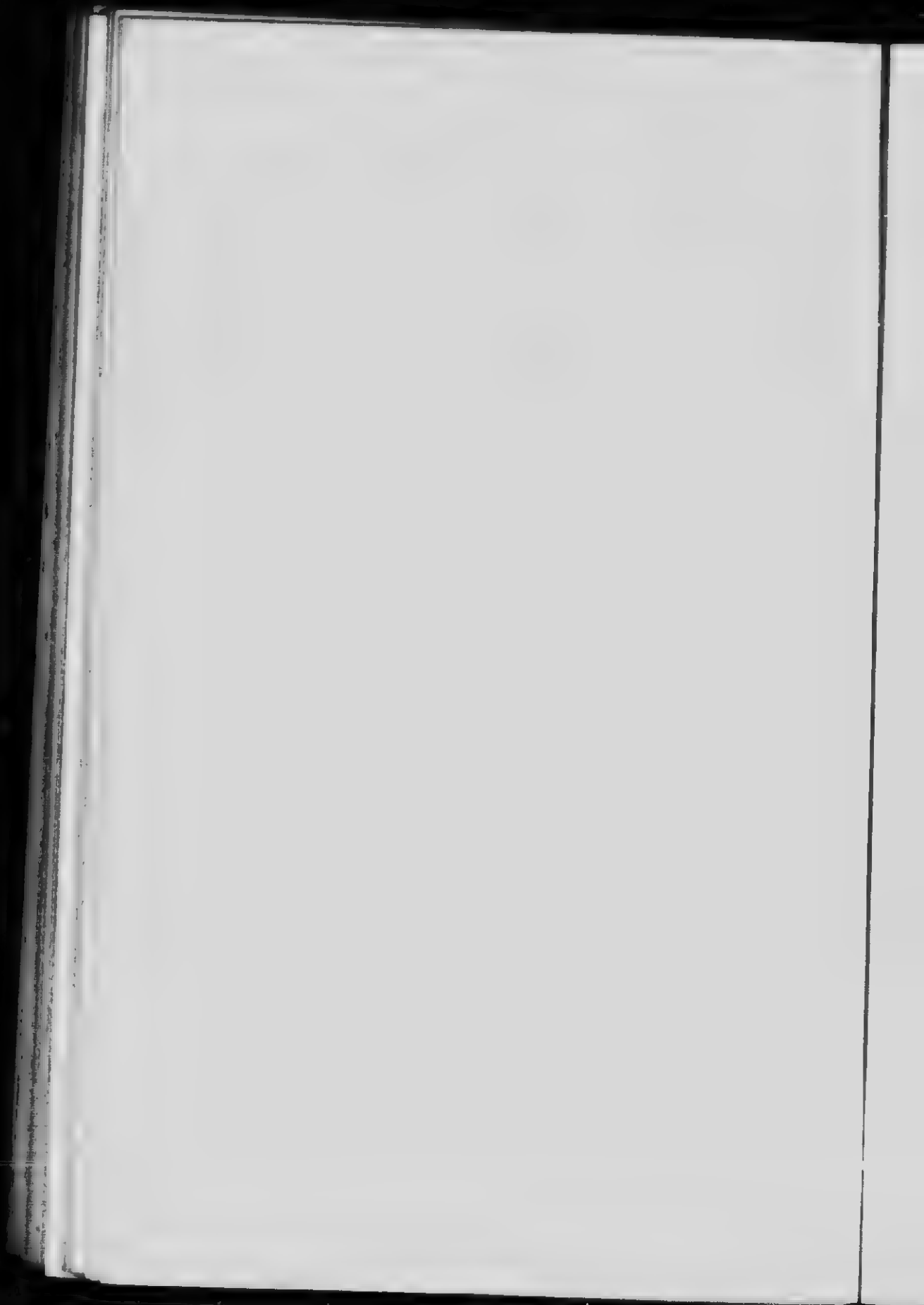
We became very intimate with a large family of the good old Kentish name of Denne, and made expeditions with them in various directions. On one St. Barnabas Day, which was Ela Denne's birthday, Mrs. Denne, a most kind and charming lady, took several of us over to the service in Folkestone Parish Church, which was, I suppose, our first glimpse of anything approaching to the Ritualistic type of service. I remember being greatly impressed with the reverence

of the service and of the worshippers in the beautiful old church.

Soon another change came. I was at that time supposed to be studying for the Civil Service, but had hitherto had nothing but some very simple home lessons and latterly a little Latin grammar with the parish clergyman. I must have been nearly seventeen when we persuaded my father, who had a very pessimistic dread of overrunning our small income, that something more was needed. So one afternoon my sister Eleanor and I walked over to Folkestone and inquired at the first bookseller on the Sandgate Road about private tutors. Two names were given us, the Rev. Mr. Acland and the Rev. Mr. Finlay. It seemed just a toss-up which to interview, and here again things seemed providentially directed. I have little doubt if I had gone to the former I should have gone up for the Civil Service, but for some reason we selected Mr. Finlay and called at his house, saw him and settled everything. I was to go over twice a week in the afternoon. It has often seemed to me from my own experience how mistaken parents are not to accustom children to meet strangers from the first. Naturally absurdly nervous and sensitive for a boy, I had always been allowed to keep out of the way, had never been to school or mixed with other boys, and therefore had an exaggerated dread of my own backwardness and of the requirements of tutors. However, the kindness of Mr. Finlay soon set me at my ease, and in a short time I had learnt to admire and love him, and a real friendship was formed between us, which lasted till his death. I recollect that a violet stole hung over one of the chairs in his study, and after some time I summoned up courage to ask what it was.



MRS. LYON,
My Aunt.
Eldest daughter of General Thewles.



This led on to the whole question of ecclesiastical colours, and so, beginning from the outside, I gradually was awakened to understand something of what the Catholic Church, its ministers and sacraments really were. Mr. Finlay was an extremely able man and a thoroughly catholic churchman, and a devoted lover of Gregorian plain-song. He used to attend and assist at St. Peter's Church, on the East Cliff, the vicar of which, the Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, was his close personal friend. My sister Eleanor and I walked over for the consecration of St. Peter's Church by old Archbishop Longley, and I have still a vivid recollection of the beautiful service, which was choral matins.

It must have been soon after this that in a walk along the cliff to Sandgate I first learnt from Mr. Finlay of the beauty of a choral Eucharist, of which I had never even heard before, and he advised me to come over some Sunday morning to St. Peter's. Then, too, I think he first mentioned the old custom of fasting Communion, of which I was equally ignorant. So one Sunday morning I walked over in time for matins; then came what was to me the novelty of a pause and the lighting of the candles, and then the Holy Eucharist rendered throughout with the solemn "*Missa in Dominicis*."

It so happened that Mr. Finlay was the celebrant, and his rich musical bass gave full effect to the glorious plain-song of "*Sursum Corda*" and Preface, heard then for the first time and never to be forgotten.

From that moment the catholic service of our Church, duly rendered, held me enthralled, and no other type of service seemed adequate. I frequently walked in for the St. Peter's morning service, and got home, tired but satisfied, to a rather late dinner. I

had been going over to my tutor probably for a year when he broached the subject of my taking Holy Orders. This, years ago, had been a favourite wish of my mother's, but had for some time been forgotten. Now the suggestion, coming from my loved friend, seemed to reawaken old aspirations. I spoke to my father about it, but he, with his old ideas of the expenses and requirements of a University, pooh-poohed the notion as out of the question. My brother Horace, also, who had always been my guide and mentor, was opposed to this suggestion on other grounds.

It seems strange to think that I should have persevered through this opposition, but I did so, and in the most opportune time came the proposed erection of Keble College in Oxford, for which my name was duly entered—the third, I believe, in the list of entries. After things were so far settled my father became reconciled to the idea and used to enjoy helping me with the translation of Virgil or Cæsar.

It must have been in the late autumn of 1868, I think, that my brother Horace, who had been for some time quartered at the Regimental Depot at Walmer, was ordered to join his regiment at Malta. His departure was a great loss to my father and all of us, for he had frequently walked over from Walmer for Sunday, and thought nothing of walking back along the cliffs at night after his day at home—a distance of nearly twenty miles. Everything went on quietly that winter and spring, though three of us, my eldest sister Fanny, Berkeley and I, had a severe touch of the Romney Marsh fever. I remember that it was when I was recovering, though still very weak, that the celebrated Fr. Ignatius came over and preached in Hythe Parish Church. It created quite an excitement

in the sleepy old town and I just managed to crawl up the hill for the occasion.

It was, I think, towards the end of May, 1869, that the second sad tragedy happened for us. My brother Horace, the best of letter writers, had kept us well informed about his life in Malta, and had recently told us that owing to a boating accident he had gone to an evening party wet through, and in consequence was laid up with a severe cold and cough. It was a Sunday evening late in May and all had gone to church except myself, whose turn it was to remain with my father. A ring came, and on opening the door I found a tall sergeant from the camp with a telegram, which he refused to hand to any one except my father, who, of course, was in bed in his room opening out of the hall. In a moment my father called me in and told me the worst. Horace had died from pneumonia that morning. Almost at the same moment the others came trooping in from church to receive the terrible news. I need not dwell upon the dull misery of the next few days, for Horace, besides being now, in a sense, the head of the family, to whom we looked up for counsel and guidance, was endeared to us all by his loving and amiable nature and was the idolized darling of my two elder sisters. I have always believed that if he had been able to enter the diplomatic service he would have risen to distinction. He had the natural gift of winning the confidence and affection of those with whom he came in contact, his abilities were quite considerable, especially in the direction of languages and history, while he had the rather un-English characteristic of entering sympathetically into the views and customs of foreign nations and of admiring all

that was best in them. In the army he had turned most of his attention to scientific musketry and had attained the distinction of being chosen one of the English Eight in the year in which they won the Elcho shield.

During that sad summer of 1869 my father's eldest sister, the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Capel, and her youngest daughter, paid us a visit. She was very kind and jolly and we greatly enjoyed her magnificent playing on the piano. After she had left, my Aunt Georgie Kennedy came down to Hythe with her married daughter and her husband, Michael Seymour—to us a most amusing character. Their two little children, Willie and Grace, were with them. After Horace's death my father rapidly grew worse, and his suffering and weakness were such that we could not have wished him to linger. The last week was, I remember, one of glorious weather, and when sitting up at night with him, we used to go out and stroll up and down by the sea under the glorious moon.

Quietly at last, August 30, my father passed away, after a veritable martyrdom of suffering during the past two years. My brother Berkeley and I took turns in sleeping in his room so as to give him his dose of morphia at the proper time and the supper which my eldest sister always prepared for him. Oh, how sleepy I used to be when, his pain becoming unbearable, he would call me up, usually about two in the morning. I remember on one occasion being so drowsy that I let the candle burn right through the shoulder of my dressing-gown before realizing what was happening. Then, having served my father with his midnight repast, it was our privilege to eat up the remainder, which one used to quite heartily enjoy,

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MARY LYON,
My Cousin.
Eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Lyon.

munching the sandwiches and drinking the delicious lemonade with eyes shut, and more than half asleep!

My cousin, Fitzclarence Paget, of whom we were all very fond, was the executor and with us attended the funeral, which was held at Steppingley and conducted by our friend Mr. Johnstone, who had for some time been acting as *locum tenens*. My Aunt Maria came to a lodging in Saltwood for a time and we discussed our future plans.

Owing largely to the influence of our Aunt Georgie and the Seymours, who lived in St. John's Wood, and partly, also, because it had been Horace's advice, we decided to take a house in Belsize Road in St. John's Wood, and removed there from Hythe in October, 1869.

So once more the apparently chance meeting with these hitherto unknown relations in 1867-8 led to this radical change of residences, one which was to affect the whole future of my sisters' lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON AND OXFORD.

HITHERTO we had, I think, all had an inherited dislike to the idea of living in a town, and it was only after a visit which my eldest sister paid to Mrs. Kennedy, and after we had come to know the Seymours well, that we gradually were converted to think of settling in London as desirable.

The first few months were rather chaotic. My brother got some work for a time with our cousin William Berners and then went to a farm of a Mr. Sandiland, near Tunbridge. My sister Frederica went for a long visit to Devonshire to our Aunt Car, and my sister Fanny to Anglesey. Eleanor and I went down to Steppingley and had a tremendous time in packing things up and having them sent to London. I have forgotten to mention that on two occasions in the past two years I had been sent to Steppingley by my father to receive the Glebe rents. I was then only sixteen or seventeen and I remember feeling rather nervous at having to sit at the receipt of custom in the principal public-house, where I received the various payments, handing the receipts to the honest tenants, while I directed each to receive his glass of beer in which to drink my father's better health.

When we first settled in London we attended Mr. Wadmore's church in Loudon Road, where Mr. and Mrs. Seymour generally went. The first Christmas Day of our new life we walked down to St. Mary

Magdalene's, Paddington, which was then in the full tide of its growing life and influence under its noble Vicar, Dr. Temple West, and his equally splendid lieutenant, the Rev. W. H. Cleaver, one of the finest preachers in the English Church.

It was the four o'clock evensong which we attended, and the impression of the warmth and heartiness of this beautiful service has never been effaced. Soon after Christmas I left home for the first time in my life to reside with Mr. Finlay, at Folkestone, in order to prepare for my matriculation. There I met some excellent fellows who were studying with him, and made friends especially with Dudley Scott, Theodore Owen, and Edward Burney. During these months I joined the St. Michael's choir, under dear old Fr. Burridge. On one occasion the celebrated Rev. James Skinner, of Newlands, was Mr. Finlay's guest when he came to preach an E. C. U. sermon. As an offset to this strong church influence I got to know a sort of connection, Miss Letitia Otway, a sister of Lady Clarence Paget, who was most kind to me. She was, I think, a Plymouth Sister, and a follower of a certain Mr. Newton, who was her oracle upon prophecy. Later she invited my sisters to stay with her at Tunbridge Wells and zealously endeavoured, though in the kindest and most gentle way, to wean us all from "High Church" doctrine to take up with her queer little sect. Her well-meant efforts failed, but she continued to take a kindly interest in our young lives for some time. I think it was in June, 1870, that I went up for Matriculation to Oxford. This and my life at Keble College I have described in my book, "Early Undergraduate Days at Keble College," so will not dwell upon my Oxford life here. Very soon after my

Matriculation I went down to Liverpool with my brother Berkeley to see him off for Canada. His heart had always been set upon returning there, and as soon as he was of age and my sisters were comfortably established in London, there was nothing to prevent his carrying out his wish. Very well do I remember the tearful farewell as we drove off to Euston, leaving my sisters standing at the door, the night journey down, our wandering about Liverpool in the early hours of the morning until we finally got into some cheap hotel. Early the following afternoon I stood on the landing-stage and waved Berkeley good-bye as the tender steamed away for the big liner, and then returned to town by the four o'clock express. It was in August, while my sister Eleanor and I were keeping house together, that a hansom cab one day drove up, from which a pleasant and distinguished-looking lady alighted, who announced herself as "Miss Otway's sister," Lady Clarence Paget. She was in town by herself for some shopping, and having heard of us from her sister, had taken the trouble to drive all the way up to Belsize Road to hunt us up. I think our visitor was touched by finding two young people, shy and unused as we were to society, all alone in London, for nothing could have exceeded her kindness, and her wonderful charm of manner quickly made us feel as if she were an old friend. Next day she insisted upon taking us with her to the Crystal Palace, and a very delightful day we had, and on another evening she insisted upon our accompanying her to the German Reeds, which we most heartily enjoyed.

I remember that we were walking with Lady Clarence through St. James' Park to the Horse Guards,



THE REV. EDWARD JAMES PAGET,
My Father,
When Rector of Steppingley, circ. 1865.

and she was pointing us out the house where they had lived when Lord Clarence was Secretary to the Admiralty, when she recognized the Duke of Cambridge riding towards us.

Little else of note occurred, so far as I remember, till I went up as a freshman for my first term at Oxford, about the middle of October, 1870.

In the Christmas vacation we all went to my aunt, Mrs. Lyon, at the Oaks, near Emsworth, to spend Christmas and New Year. My eldest cousin, Mary, and Mrs. Hozier, the youngest daughter, were at home and united to make us have a splendid time. It was a long, hard frost, and every morning and afternoon we used to drive to some country house in the neighbourhood where a lake or large pond offered good skating. I may here add that my aunt, Mrs. Lyon, renewed this invitation every Christmas for several years and we always looked forward to this visit to a charming country house and to our aunt and cousins with great anticipation.

It was in one of those summers, possibly 1870 or 1872, that I stayed at the Oaks with one of my sisters, Fanny, I think, and we had some delightful drives about that beautiful country. One day our Cousin Isabella came over from Exton with her husband, Henry Hasler, and a large party of us drove down to Heyling Island, where their children were staying. My Cousin Mary was then in the prime of health and spirits, still riding to hounds, and a fine whip. It was a real delight to her to drive us long distances with her fine pair of spirited chestnuts. One Christmas the Edmund Lyons were staying there as well, the Haslers came over and my cousins' great friend,

Mrs. Ernold Smith, entertained the whole great party to dinner on, I think, New Year's night.

Our last Christmas at the Oaks must have been, I think, in 1873, for on the following December my sister Eleanor was on the point of entering the Religious Life and we wished to spend our last united Christmas at home together.

It was not long after this that my aunt removed to London to live with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Hozier, in Hans Place, and I have a recollection of our dining there one dismal Christmas evening, an evening of liquid mud and fog. I am inclined to think this must have been in 1876, just after my Aunt Maria's death.

My first long vacation began in June, 1871. My sisters and I had debated the feasibility of our all getting away from London to some seaside place for a month in the summer. This had seemed to our little experience and with our small incomes a very serious enterprise. An invitation, however, from our kind cousins, Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, to my two eldest sisters to visit them at their country home, Plas Llanfair, near the Menai Straits, finally decided us, and we took lodgings at Port Madoc. My youngest sister and I, on my return from Oxford, travelled down from Euston together and greatly enjoyed the fine scenery *en route* through counties which were quite new to us. Ah, those happy days, when we were all young together and every fresh experience seemed a matter of such great moment. This, our first summer's outing, proved a great success. We made an expedition in the narrow gauge railway through most romantic scenery up to Festiniog and Duffys, including a visit to the famous slate quarries.

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EMMA CATHERINE PAGET,
My Mother,
Circa 1881.

We went over to Carnarvon and climbed Snowdon, having a most glorious day on the great mountain, and enjoyed to the full all the Welsh characteristics of the people around us. During this stay at Port Madoc I enjoyed a delightful visit to Plas Llanfair of about a week, where I first met my godfather, Lord Clarence Paget, and my cousins Alma and Olivia, who were most unaffected and friendly girls of eighteen and seventeen, and their brother Fitzroy.

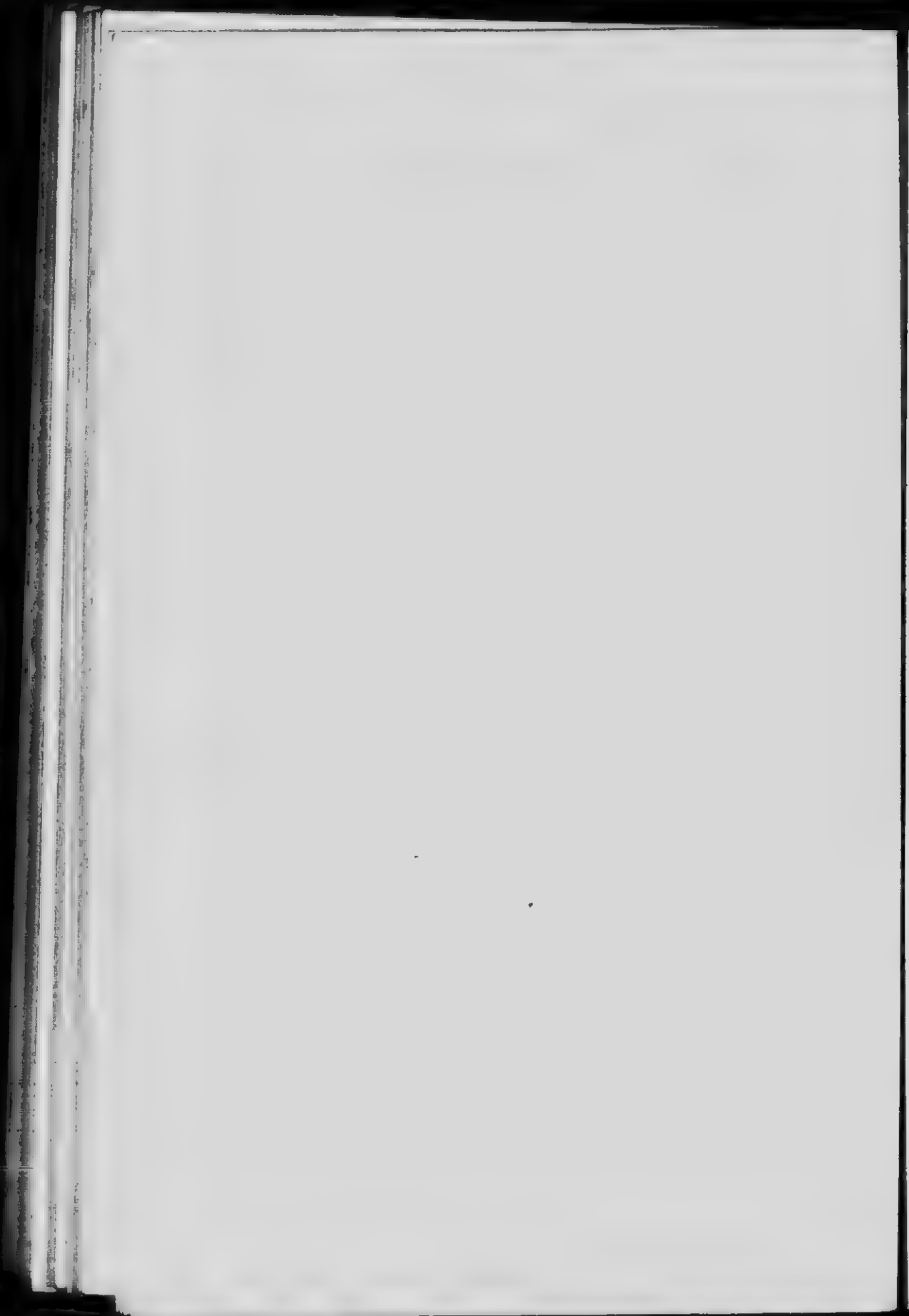
During this visit we enjoyed croquet and boating, and walked over once to Plas Newydd, the seat of the Marquess of Anglesey, and had one long day's expedition inland to Capel Curig.

The remainder of the summer was spent mostly in London, during which I greatly enjoyed a visit from one of my boy friends of the old Hythe days, Alured Denne, who had never been in London before. I think, also, I paid a visit to Anglesey. The following summer, after much discussion, we decided on the cheap monthly return tickets to Lynmouth, in North Devon, and never regretted the decision. While enjoying the romantic country with all our hearts I was summoned to Exeter to meet my Aunt Maria, whose health was then beginning seriously to fail. We met in Exeter and went to the Cathedral together and next day drove down from Barnstaple over the long road with its steep hills to Lynmouth, where she stayed with us for a time and then moved up to Lynton. Towards the close of our stay I made what seemed to me then a very adventurous journey down to Penzance, whence I went out to St. Justs and the Land's End. On the return trip I visited Woodtown, near Bideford, the home of the Algernon Capels, where I picked up my sister Eleanor, and we returned together to Lyn-

mouth. At the expiration of our delightful Devon holiday a great and pleasant surprise awaited us in London, for who should open the door of our house to us in Belsize Road but my brother Berkeley. He had arrived from Canada a few days before, intending to surprise us, and had found to his disgust that we were all away in Devonshire. My brother, since he first went out in 1870, had taken a farm near Peterborough, and after working some time there had been thought of a letter of introduction from our aunt, Mrs. Kennedy, to her old friends Captain and Mrs. Sibbald and their charming family at Eildon Hall, near Sutton, on Lake Simcoe. It proved a most Providential "leading," for my brother, on going over there, was at once made at home and soon settled down to work among his kind friends as if he were a member of the family, which a year or two later he in fact became by his marriage with Miss Fanny Sibbald, Captain Sibbald's fourth daughter. This, however, was still in the future in 1872. Towards the close of his stay in England my brother paid me a visit in Oxford and soon afterwards returned to Canada. It was also during this visit that we gave up the house 101, Belsize Road, and moved down to 61, Princess Road, Kilburn, so as to be near St. Augustine's Church, to which my sisters were now definitely attached, and in whose parochial activities they were deeply engaged. Let me recall some of those interests of their earlier life in Kilburn. There was first of all the district in Anderson Place—a mews opening out of Kilburn Park Road, which they shared between them. How often I used to hear them discussing the various families and individuals of their charges. My eldest sister, Fanny, soon became an Associate



MRS. ELIZABETH DENT,
My Cousin.



of St. Peter's Home, in Mortimer Road, where she visited and read to the patients. Eleanor, on the other hand, very soon fell under the wonderful spell of Mother Emily Ayckbowm, the foundress of "The Sisters of the Church," and began what was to prove her life's work by taking part in their mission and school enterprises. Frederica, the youngest, took a boys' class in the large Sunday School, and gave her keen intelligence and large-hearted zeal to this, to her, most congenial department of the Church's duty.

CHAPTER IX.

MY FIRST TRAMP ABROAD.

THE summer of 1873 was noteworthy to me as the first occasion on which I set foot on the Continent.

My friend Grey, of Exeter, in the previous winter and spring had several times discussed with me in his cozy rooms in Ship Street the delights of a walking tour in France, and especially of the primitive districts and quaint old villages of Brittany. In the summer term these discursive talks gradually took the concrete form of a proposal on his part that we should go together for the month of July to Brittany, and visit on foot some of the more remote and less known towns and villages. In those days we were both forced to observe strict economy and the estimate was that we could achieve this holiday abroad, including the journey there and back, for a little over ten pounds apiece. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway had just advertised a first-class return rate from London to Morlaix, a seaport of Brittany, for thirty shillings, and this just seemed made to suit our pockets. So, having procured a knapsack and other needful articles, I started one glorious day in late June for Littlehampton. There I found Grey waiting for me and was taken to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Martelli, where we spent a pleasant afternoon. About 2 p.m. we went on board a curious little tramp steamer, the *Foyle*, and forswearing the cramped and stuffy cabin over the screw, elected to sleep in one of the boats on deck, which was covered with canvas. Early on



A. FITZCLARENCE PAGET,
My Cousin,
Son of Captain Charles Paget.

the following morning we put into St. Peter's, Port Guernsey, and enjoyed a brisk walk round the quaint old town and a breakfast at a little inn. Some time in the following night we groped our way through a fog into the river and early on a splendid summer's morning were moored alongside the quay at Morlaix. This was the first time I had ever heard the clattering of the sabots or landed on a foreign shore, and after we were refreshed by a good walk round the town and *déjeuner* I felt able to enjoy all the novel experiences. It is not my intention to recount here our adventures in Eastern Brittany; suffice it to say that starting from Morlaix we spent a month of the most delightful and untrammelled wandering from village to village, putting up at quaint little inns, with a bunch of herbs hanging outside as the only indication of their character, until we finally reached the wild rocks of the Point de Raz, overlooking the Bay of Biscay. We attended two or three "Pardons," or village festivals of the patron Saint, climbed Mont St. Michel and Menes Ombre, and found ourselves back on board the odious little *Foyle* at the end of July. Then we heard for the first time of the tragic death of the great Bishop Wilberforce, who was killed by a fall from his horse. I look back upon this first walking tour with my dear friend William Grey as one of the brightest spots in my life. In youth every sense is keen, every new experience is of rare interest, and the trivial adventures in a wayside inn, the excellence of its *potage* or *café au lait*, seem worthy of record. On my return I ran up to Yorkshire to join my sisters at Whitby, where we spent two or three weeks pleasantly.

In the following June, 1874, I took my degree and, after a brief stay at Hythe with my sisters, through

the kindness of my warden, Dr. Talbot, I secured a holiday tutorship with some cousins of his, Mr. and Mrs., afterwards Sir William and Lady, Welby-Gregory. They had had lent to them for August a most interesting old house in Scotland, Airlie Castle, the "Auld Hoose of Airlie," and wished for a tutor for their two little boys, Victor and Charles. I had never yet crossed the border, so that the whole prospect was a very exciting one. I spent a night in Edinburgh and saw some of the sights, and the following day arrived at Meikle Junction, and was driven out seven miles to Airlie Castle. The kindness of my employers, the good-heartedness of the children, and the fine country combined to make this a most pleasurable month. Among the distinguished visitors entertained at lunch were Mr. Motley, the American Ambassador and author, and Lord and Lady Cowper, of Wrest Park. I fancy it was during my stay at Airlie that I received a letter from my sister Eleanor, telling me she had practically decided to join the Kilburn Sisterhood, but had been advised to take a little more time for consideration. So that in the following September she took a delightful driving tour through the South of England with our cousin, Mrs. Hozier, as a sort of farewell to the world. We spent our last Christmas all together and she went to the Home as a postulant in January, 1875. Meanwhile in October I accompanied William Grey on a three weeks' tour in Belgium. We sailed from St. Catharines docks to Ostend and from there visited Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain, Antwerp, Aachen, Liege, and then plunged into the Ardennes and enjoyed some walking and some rural experiences again.

In looking back I regard this walking tour in Belgium as a farewell to the holidays of one's boyhood and youth. Since taking my degree and going out a little more into general society, some questionings had arisen as to whether I should test some other line in life before committing myself irrevocably to Holy Orders. On consulting my late Warden, Dr. Talbot, he very promptly and kindly offered me a lectureship in History at Keble College, so that I might continue on at Oxford for a time if I so wished. It was, I think, the earnest and affectionate letter of my Aunt Maria, recalling me to the sacredness and blessedness of the calling for which I had practically pledged myself in relinquishing preparation for the Civil Service, which led me to see that I was tampering with the alluring suggestions of the world, and to decide finally to enter Cuddesdon, for which my aunt had generously promised to provide the needful funds, at the beginning of the Lent term.

CHAPTER X.

CUDDESDON, 1875.

It was, I think, during the previous summer term that E. M. Burney, of Merton, had taken me over one Sunday with him to Cuddesdon. The walk out over Shotover was delightful, and it was with much interest that I entered the quaint little village and came to the grey stone building of Bishop Wilberforce's famous foundation. Edward King, late Bishop of Lincoln, was then still "The Principal," and Mr. Willis Vice-Principal. In the following Lent term, when I entered as a student, Dr. King had become Professor of Pastoral Theology in Oxford, and had been succeeded by the Rev. C. W. Furse. The year at Cuddesdon was one of incalculable blessing and help, not so much, perhaps, in the actual instruction received in the lectures as in the atmosphere of devotion and discipline which pervaded the place. The regular rule of attending matins and evensong and the 8 a.m. Sunday celebration in the Parish Church, the habit of remaining on our knees in private prayer for some time, were all of great advantage to me in later life. In the chapel the rule of morning meditation as well as our other chapel services were all excellent in forming the character for ministerial life. On Trinity Sunday many of my fellow-students were ordained. I shall never forget the glorious Sunday in the old grey church, when I acted as sacristan. I succeeded a student named Eldon, now vicar of a church in North-east London, who most kindly and thoroughly

coached me in the duties of the office and also in the strict ritual of the Eucharistic service. I have always felt most thankful for this thorough training (which extended even to the proper way to fold a corporal) as it has enabled me to distinguish the essential things that *must* be done rightly from the less essential, and has given me a rooted distaste for fussy and fancy ritual, which so often alienates without instructing. Among my fellow-students I recall Neville, of Magdalen, Oxford, with his splendid tenor voice; Coe, whose whole ministerial life has been given to the poor in Cardiff; Ernest Square; C. E. Green, subsequently curate at Embleton to Bishop Creighton, and Henry Collins, who entered college late in life and did good work in New Zealand. During the autumn term we had Francis Paget,* the Bishop of Oxford, with us, and Arthur Lyttleton, the late Bishop of Southampton.

During the spring of 1875 my sister Eleanor was received as a novice and I went up to London for the ceremony. Later in the summer my brother Berkeley came over with his charming young bride, who won all our hearts. She was the fourth daughter of Captain Sibbald, of Eildon Hall, Sutton West. In September we all went down to lodgings in Wrotham Crescent, Broadstairs, so as to be near Sister Eleanor; this was my first acquaintance with this, at that date, quiet little seaside place which was afterward to become so familiar.

* Recently deceased.

CHAPTER XI.

ORDINATION AND FIRST CURACY.

AT Christmas I was ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Ellicott, of Gloucester, and was appointed to read the Gospel, to the great delight of my good old aunt, who I believe valued this honour far more than my First-Class in History at Oxford. Through the advice of Principal Furse, I had accepted a curacy under the Rev. W. C. Fox, Rector of Frampton Cotterell. My first arrival there was rather startling. I took a cab from the station at Yate to Northwoods, the house which was the property of Mr. Fox and where he and his family were living at that time. We drove up in the dark to a large house, while from some part of the building frightful screams were proceeding. A pleasant-looking gentleman, Dr. Eager, came out at once and on my asking for Mr. Fox looked somewhat disappointed and said, "Oh, you have come up the wrong drive, it is next door." They had driven me to the Private Asylum, and he, poor man, was anticipating a new patient!

Of the extreme kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Fox during my curacy at Frampton, I could never speak too highly. They soon realized that I was, even for a young curate, exceptionally shy and unused to public duties of any kind. The Sunday School work and visiting among the poor, which many men take to easily and happily, were for me a terrible ordeal, and told on my nerves to such an extent that I regularly had a Saturday headache in anticipation. When they

ORDINATION AND FIRST CURACY 107

moved into the rectory they always made me come there on Sundays after the 8 a.m. celebration to breakfast and spend the day. In fact, I soon felt like one of the family. The two girls were then going to school (the eldest is now Sister Mary Alethea of Clewer); the three boys, Lionel, Armyn, and Raymond, were soon the best of friends with me. Everything went quietly and happily until October, 1876, when we had a Parochial Mission. The stolid country people were not prepared to receive the very outspoken teaching which the Rector wished to be preached to them by the Missioner, and consequently there was for a time some bitter opposition. The dear old Rector, who, being squire as well as parson, had rebuilt the church and done great things for the parish and was kindness and generosity itself to the people, felt this opposition bitterly. It affected his health somewhat and the family went abroad for the winter, leaving me in charge during Lent. To go back a little, my Aunt Maria spent this the last summer of her life at Clevedon, Somerset, so as to be near me and I went over to her two or three times. On one occasion she drove over to Frampton and dined with me in my lodging and rested there until evensong, which she was able to attend. I read the service, and that was the only time that she ever heard me officiate.

Soon after Michaelmas came my ordination to the Priesthood at Gloucester. Though far from well, she determined to be present, and I shall never forget how, when I had finished the examination, I went over to the hotel late in the evening to see her. I knocked at her door and was shocked to see how gray and worn her face looked as she folded me in a tender embrace with her murmured blessings for the morrow. After

the ordination I think I spent the afternoon with her and my sisters, but am not sure. The next day I saw them off in the London train—little thinking I should never see her again. She had to change at Reading for Basingstoke and Stokes Bay, and my sisters told me how they watched her frail figure moving away. They had no idea how really ill and weak she was, or of course, one of them would have gone with her.

After a Retreat at Malvern, I returned to my duties and took my first celebration at 8 a.m. on the first Sunday in October, my old friend Grey, of Exeter, who was staying with me, acting as server. Curiously enough, I was obliged to preach extempore for the first time on that Sunday, for Mr. Fox was taken ill and I had no time to write a sermon.

It must have been, I think, early in November that I was summoned by telegram to Petersfield, where my Aunt Maria lay dying from the effects of an operation, which she had undergone with characteristic fortitude alone with her maid, without letting any of the family know. My sister Fanny was the first to be summoned and then Mrs. Lyon and her daughters. In the early hours of November 9th we were all gathered at her bedside, but she was quite unconscious. I offered prayers at intervals and before long, without a struggle, her strong and beautiful spirit passed from its frail and worn tabernacle. This happened in the old inn at Petersfield, and as Rogate, with its family associations, was so near, we decided rather hastily to have my aunt buried there near the Paget vault. Subsequently we regretted that we had not rather chosen St. Mark's Churchyard, in Anglesey, where her old friends and neighbours lie, and at which church she worshipped so regularly for so many years. Either

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HOWARD PAGET, ESQ.,
My Second Cousin,
Of Elford Hall, Staffordshire.

ORDINATION AND FIRST CURACY 109

on the ninth or tenth of November, my eldest sister, Fanny, who was the executrix of my aunt's will, and I, went over to Anglesey. When we rang at the door of the little house in St. Mark's Place it was opened by poor Adams, who had been my aunt's cook and factotum for many years and was much attached to her. Her grief on hearing the sad tidings was deep and unfeigned, and this outburst, together with finding the well-remembered rooms undisturbed and only lacking the dear, quiet figure rising up out of the favourite corner to greet us with affectionate warmth, completely broke us down, and we sobbed like children. It was the last link snapped which bound us to the old sweet past of our childhood, and every chair and book and ornament and picture in the little drawing-room held its own memories of many a happy visit paid to one who had been as a second mother to us in the years that were past.

I cannot turn from this sad epoch in our lives without a tribute, however slight, to my aunt's life and character. It seems to me that only the pen of a Miss Yonge could do justice to the picture. As an old Scottish body said many years later of my sister Fanny, so of my aunt it was true that "she belonged to an extinct generation." Inheriting from her parents the intense delicacy of sentiment and high sense of honour of the gentlewoman of those days, to whom commerce and business and money-making were as a world apart, of which they knew and for which they cared nothing, there was superadded the deep, unostentatious piety and loyalty to the church of the school of Mr. Keble, Isaac Williams and Miss Yonge. Nothing fired her wrath so surely as any disrespectful remark about the Royal Family or the Clergy, and my

cousin, Mary Lyon, in her young and mischievous days, would take delight in "drawing" my aunt on these points. "Well, aunty," she would say, with a roguish twinkle in her eye, as we were at breakfast at "The Oaks," on Sunday morning, "are you going to patronize Mr. M. (the vicar of Westbourne) this morning?" My aunt would rise to the bait every time and hotly declaim against such an expression. But although rendered even more retiring than was natural to one of her education and disposition by her painful stammer, she was really a woman of fine abilities, keen intelligence, and a high sense of humour. All those qualities come out in her letters, especially those to my brother Horace, which are delightful reading even now. Her utter self-effacement and unselfishness tended always to keep her fine qualities from recognition by all save a very few of her nearest and dearest. Among the flowers and shrubs of her charming little garden, screened from the public by high, fragrant hedges of laurels and laurustinus, she led her tranquil home life. Regularly as the second bell of the parish church began to ring on Wednesdays and Fridays for matins one would see her tall, slight figure hastening along the lane and over the causeway to her seat in the transept next to some valued friends, the Misses Woodward. Her deep and wonderful love of the beauties of nature was another quality which my sister Fanny shared with her. What enjoyment she found in her little holiday sojourns at Niton in the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, at Bembridge and at Freshwater! I recollect, on one of my later visits to her at Shottermill Farm, near Haslemere, when she was beginning to grow feeble, that we strolled out after tea very slowly and up to a gate whence there

was a fine view over to Blackwater Downs which she wished to show me. She had more than once to pause going up the little slope, and turning faced the sunset glory and the distant prospect of the Western Downs. She stood there with parted lips and visionary eyes—her whole face irradiated in the light as if she were indeed gazing into that “blessed home” where her loved sister and nephew had already entered, and where she was so soon to be.

It is one of the hallmarks of the vulgar and shallow writer to make coarse and disparaging allusions to “old maids” and their supposed inferiority, bitterness, and eccentricities. The fact really is that it is the easiest thing in the world for a writer to adopt the conventional attitude of glorifying courtship and marriage, and of the time-honoured jests about those ladies who do not marry, whereas it demands a real refinement and elevation of nature to appreciate, and a certain courage to delineate, such a noble and unselfish character as that of my aunt, Miss Thewles, which towers up above the average lives around like the Weissborn among lesser heights.

CHAPTER XII.

LATER DAYS AT FRAMPTON COTTERELL.

THE strain of the year of unaccustomed work, the ordination, mission, and the death of my aunt had told upon my health and spirits, and with the doctor's advice I decided to resign my curacy as soon as it was convenient to Mr. Fox. He informed me that he intended to resign the living, but would not do so till the following summer. Meanwhile he and his family went to the south of France. For part of the winter and spring, therefore, I had the charge of the parish, through Lent single-handed. Through my former Warden, Dr. Talbot, I was offered the position of Second Master in St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School, and accepted it on condition that I should have two months of freedom after leaving Frampton Cotterell.

My sisters, meanwhile, had continued their quiet, useful lives in Kilburn, and I think it was in this year, 1877, that my youngest sister entered the Kilburn Sisterhood as a novice, though it may have been somewhat later.

Towards the end of June I sailed for Canada in the old *Sarmatian*, and was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. William Benson, of Cardinal, Ont., and their children, with whom a friendship subsisted to the end of their lives. Curiously enough, also, one of our old Grafton neighbours, Mr. Charles Campbell, was on board, as well as the Rev. Mr. Dumoulin, of St. Martin's, Montreal, after-



ELFORD HALL AND CHURCH,

Where my father's cousin, the Rev. Francis Paget, so long ministered.

LATER DAYS AT FRAMPTON COTTERELL 113

wards Bishop of Niagara, with whom I shared the Sunday service.

In Montreal I made my first acquaintance with Rev. Edmund Wood, Rector of St. John's, Montreal, who was to be a lifelong friend, and preached in the old church on Dorchester Street. Mr. Wood, with his accustomed kindness, gave a day to lionizing me over all his favourite sights in Montreal, including the Mountain and the Grey Nunnery. My Keble friend, Arthur French, was Mr. Wood's nephew, and it is to his introduction that I owed this delightful friendship. In Toronto my brother Berkeley met me, and we went down to Sutton West, driving out from Newmarket. There I met the warmest welcome from dear old Captain and Mrs. Sibbald, Dr. Frank Sibbald and all their family.

A delightful six weeks passed, during which I was present at the consecration of St. George's Church (which was built by the Sibbalds in memory of their mother), by old Bishop Bethune, did some tree-cutting with good Dr. F. Sibbald, and went with my brother, his wife and her sister for a delightful lake voyage from Collingwood to Port Arthur and Duluth and back *via* the North shore, where we saw some work beginning on the new C. P. R. line. Our boat was the old *Francis Smith*.

In August I bade an affectionate farewell to my brother and his charming wife, little thinking that I should never see her again in this life. In Toronto I had some pleasant chat with a splendid young Canadian, George Kingston, who afterwards went to Cambridge, was ordained, and did a fine work in Penetanguishene, and for a short time in Toronto, before his early death. I visited the Bensons at Cardinal, and

ran up hurriedly to see Mr. Wood in Montreal. The permanent stone church was beginning to rise on St. Urbain and Ontario Streets, and I think it was on that occasion that the impulse suddenly seized me to put my hand between the loose stones, saying "It will be interesting to think I did that, when all is solid and completed." Dear Mr. Wood never forgot this impulsive act on my part, and reminded me of it years afterwards.

Arrived in England in the old *Polynesian*, I almost at once began my year under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, of which I have written an account elsewhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1878.

IN the summer of 1878 I resumed my old pleasant relations with Sir William and Lady Welby. Charlie, my former pupil, came down to St. Paul's, and I lionized him all over it, and in my month's vacation joined them at Ballachulish as holiday tutor and had a most delightful time. It was my first experience of the Western Highlands, and the weather was perfect, so that the wild mountains and Pass of Glencoe were at their best. On leaving Ballachulish the whole party went on up the canal to Inverness, paying a visit *en route* to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis at Loch Oich. We spent a Sunday there, and I had to officiate in the evening at a sort of service at which the house party were all present. This included Sir George Grey, a former Home Secretary; his grandson Edward (the present Sir Edward Grey), who was then a fine Winchester boy of fifteen, who chummed with Charlie Welby; Sir Philip Rose and others. On one of the days I had a most glorious walk over the moors down to a wild loch, where I joined the two boys and a gillie in their boat.

The following day I drove with Lady Welby and Mlle. Tauber, the governess, to Loch Hourn Head, which is reckoned the very heart of the wild and gloomy scenery of the Western Highlands. From Inverness we went on to Loch Marie, in the midst of Ross-shire, and there, bidding my kind friends good-bye, I returned to London.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRINCIPALSHIP OF DORCHESTER.

IN the spring of 1878 Bishop Mylne, of Bombay, formerly my tutor at Keble College, suggested my name as first Principal of the new missionary college at Dorchester, near Oxford, and the Council of the college offered the position to me. After consultation and some rather anxious thought I accepted the charge and entered into residence in October of the same year. The first two students, Hare and Farmer (now respectively Dean of Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A., and Canon of Pretoria) entered that term, and Hunt and Salfey in the following. On the occasion of a visit from Fr. Benson, one of the Council, as I was taking him to see the men and to have a talk with them, he stopped me on the way to ask their names, and when I replied "Hare, Farmer, and Hunt," his keen sense of humour overcame him and he had to stop, doubled up with laughter, at length just managing to articulate, "What a very singular combination!"

The beginnings of all new institutions have, I suppose, much resemblance. There is first the period of suspense when the new venture runs the gauntlet of public incredulity or hostility; then gradually, if really worthy, it begins to make a place for itself and to prove that it fulfils certain useful functions. So Dorchester College gradually developed and took root in the Oxford Diocese until the eventful day some four years after the first opening, when the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Mackarness, who had hitherto stood

THE PRINCIPALSHIP OF DORCHESTER 117

aloof, consented to preside at the College Festival Luncheon, and declared amid deafening applause that, having watched the life and work of Dorchester for some time, "he now flung caution to the winds and heartily endorsed the Institution." It is needless here to dwell upon the generosity of the Rev. W. C. Ainslie, Vicar of Dorchester and founder of the College: the splendid services in the old Abbey, which were of so much influence in forming the characters of the men, and the great assistance given by eminent clergy, like the Rev. F. Rivington, Dr. West, W. H. Cleaver, C. E. Brooke, and many others, in preaching at the Dedication Festival or in conducting the College retreats. The little venture of faith, begun by a group of earnest men in 1878, has more than justified its existence, has grown into a missionary college of which the Church of England may be proud, and, as the recent reports testify, has sent forth numbers of earnest and well-trained clergy into the various mission fields of the Church, many of whom have given up their lives in the Master's service.

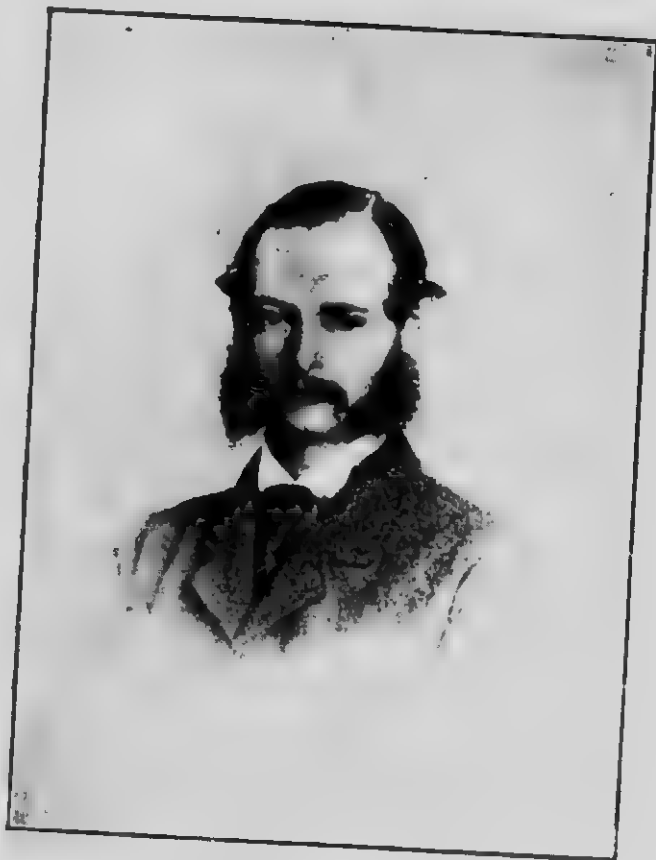
After six years of continuous and responsible work at Dorchester, during a great part of which time I had been single-handed in the College, though kindly assisted in the lectures by the Vicar, who lectured on the Prayer Book, and the curate, my dear friend Rev. W. M. Richardson (afterwards Bishop of Zanzibar), who lectured on Hebrew, my health, never very robust, became seriously affected, and I resigned the work with the purpose of taking a year's complete rest abroad.

During this period there had been a few events in our family history to record. My aunt, Mrs. Lyon, died in the spring of 1879; my brother Berkeley, who

had lost his first wife on December 9, 1877, had married again, Miss Annie Sibbald, her first cousin, by whom he has had several children.

During my later years at Dorchester I corresponded with my father's first cousin, Rev. Francis Paget, of Elford, a well-known Tractarian writer. On one occasion I ran down to Lichfield, drove out to Elford, and made acquaintance with this family of cousins. Francis Paget himself was then almost blind and very feeble, and I could only see him in his wheel-chair in the garden for a few minutes, but his son Howard took me up to his room and showed me designs for model cottages which he was preparing for the estate. This acquaintance has ripened into a lifelong friendship. I was present and assisted at his marriage with Miss Jeffcock, at Wolverhampton, and in more recent years have hardly made a visit to England without enjoying the kind hospitality of my cousin Howard and his wife and family at Elford Hall.

During this period also we had made acquaintance, and friendship, with several of our cousins of the Heneage Paget and Catesby Paget branches. Ruth Paget became very intimate with my sisters, and with her we had a charming little run over to Paris for the Exhibition in October, 1878. After staying in Paris some days (upon one of which I ascended from the Garden of the Tuileries in the large captive balloon to a considerable height), we visited on our return journey Rouen and Amiens and their glorious churches. Good Friday, 1879, was noteworthy to me as being the occasion upon which I gave the "Three Hours" addresses at Hursley, Mr. Keble's old parish. I



HORATIO EDWARD PAGET,
My Eldest Brother,
Lieutenant in the 87th R. I. Fusiliers, circ. 1868.

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stayed at the Vicarage with Mr. Young, and had the privilege of celebrating at Mr. Keble's altar.

Speaking of the Easter holidays reminds me of one or two delightful little trips that my sister Fanny and I made together. In 1874, when, rather worn out with my work at Oxford in preparation for the Schools, I told my sister that I dreaded the Good Friday and Easter crowded services, she, with her wonted unselfishness, agreed to run down with me to the Isle of Wight. I shall never forget our arrival at Ventnor and drive out through the Undercliff to Niton, where we found truly rural but comfortable lodgings with good Mrs. Musson, near the village. There we spent together a quiet but helpful Good Friday and Easter, and on Easter Sunday evening walked over to the pretty little church at Whitwell. Our rambles on the Downs and amid the fields of primroses and hyacinths in the Undercliff are a memory never to be forgotten.

In 1879 we went again to Niton and renewed our happy recollection. In 1881, I think, we spent Easter at Charmouth, in Dorset, near to my friend Rev. F. E. Allen, of Whitchurch Canonorum, and his charming family.

We first got to know my cousins Hugh, Eden, Eric and Claude Paget, sons of the Rev. Edward Heneage Paget, in 1882-3, and they have since been close friends. Eric and Claude, then schoolboys, spent their Easter holidays with my sister and myself at Bournemouth in 1883. About the same time, my cousins Mary, Cherry, Madge (now Mrs. Harvey), Catesby and Geoffrey, children of Captain Catesby Paget, and their mother, came into the circle of our acquaintance and have ever since been like members of our own family.

In the winter of 1880 my health was very poor, and I accepted the kind invitation of Sir William and Lady Welby to visit them at their villa in Algiers. The account of that delightful experience is given in an article entitled "A Glimpse of Kabylia," which I wrote for the *Guardian*, and which has been reprinted in the "Year Under the Shadow of St. Paul's."



FANNY ELIZABETH PAGET,
Eldest Daughter of Rev. E. J. Paget.
(Taken at Ertou, 1897.)

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPLAINCY AT KANDERSTEG.

THE summer vacation of 1881 was notable as being the first occasion on which my sister Fanny and I together visited Switzerland—the prelude to many subsequent expeditions into those delightful regions. I had been appointed S. P. G. Chaplain at Kandersteg for the month of August, and we set out together in glorious summer weather by what was then the newly organized Calais-Bâle express *vis* Laon. We spent the night at Amiens, and next morning went on to Rheims, where we saw the splendid cathedral and rested till the evening train. The next morning, owing to our train being late, we were tacked on to an “omnibus” and crawled slowly through the Juras to Delémont. There we descended and were refreshed with delicious rolls and *café au lait* in the open air. It is delightful to recall how enchanted my sister was with this first glimpse of Switzerland. She revelled in the green hillsides, the smell of new-mown hay and resinous pines, and the simplicity and excellence of our *al fresco* meal. It laid the foundation of that deep love of Switzerland as a holiday resort to which she ever remained faithful in future years. At Berne we halted for lunch, and then went on to Thun. Gradually the heat of the day waned, and the afternoon was simply perfect as the steamer drew in to the little rustic wharf at Speitz, where we were greeted by our cousin Bessie and her husband, Douglas Dent. Mr. Dent had recently retired from his position in the

Admiralty Office, and they had spent nearly a year on the Continent, chiefly in Italy, but from thence had gradually moved northward so as to meet us in Switzerland and to go up with us to Kandersteg. There are golden hours in life, and assuredly our delightful reunion at Speitz was one of them. Mr. Dent, though differing from my own point of view in some church matters, was always a congenial and interesting companion, while between my cousin Bessie and my sister there subsisted one of those strong attachments which are based largely upon similarity of disposition and tastes as well as family relationship. Who can describe the delight of our first real Swiss "*thé complet*," bubbling over with the interchange of news interspersed with jests. Then the long, cool, lovely drive up and up the valley, till suddenly a great crag stood out bathed in moonlight and we realized that we were indeed amid the Alps. The month spent at Kandersteg was one of the most delightful experiences in our lives. There, without pretending to any great expeditions, we enjoyed some fresh walk and point of view almost every day. We made a valiant attempt to climb the Fizz!-Stock, but after a delightful and adventurous scramble descended *re infectâ*. However, we had one most successful day on the Oeschenen See, the glacier beyond, and the Dünden Grat. During one of these golden weeks I started early, walked over the Gemmi Pass, with glorious views, down to Leuk, by train to Visp, and walked up to St. Nicholas, and thence drove on to Randa, arriving at nearly eleven at night. There my friends the Foxes were staying, and I had a delightful visit with them. Mrs. Fox and the young people were splendid walkers, and on one day we went on to Zermatt and ascended

the Gorner Grät, whence, the weather being simply perfect, I enjoyed, I think, the most glorious mountain panorama it has ever been my good fortune to gaze upon.

In the summer of 1882 I enjoyed another visit to Switzerland with the Rev. Mr. Tucker, a clerical neighbour, but the weather was broken and the results, therefore, not so satisfactory.

In the July of 1883 I spent a pleasant holiday with friends on the St. Gothard, ascended the Pitz Centrale on a glorious day, and went on to Milan for a night, this being my only excursion into Italy.

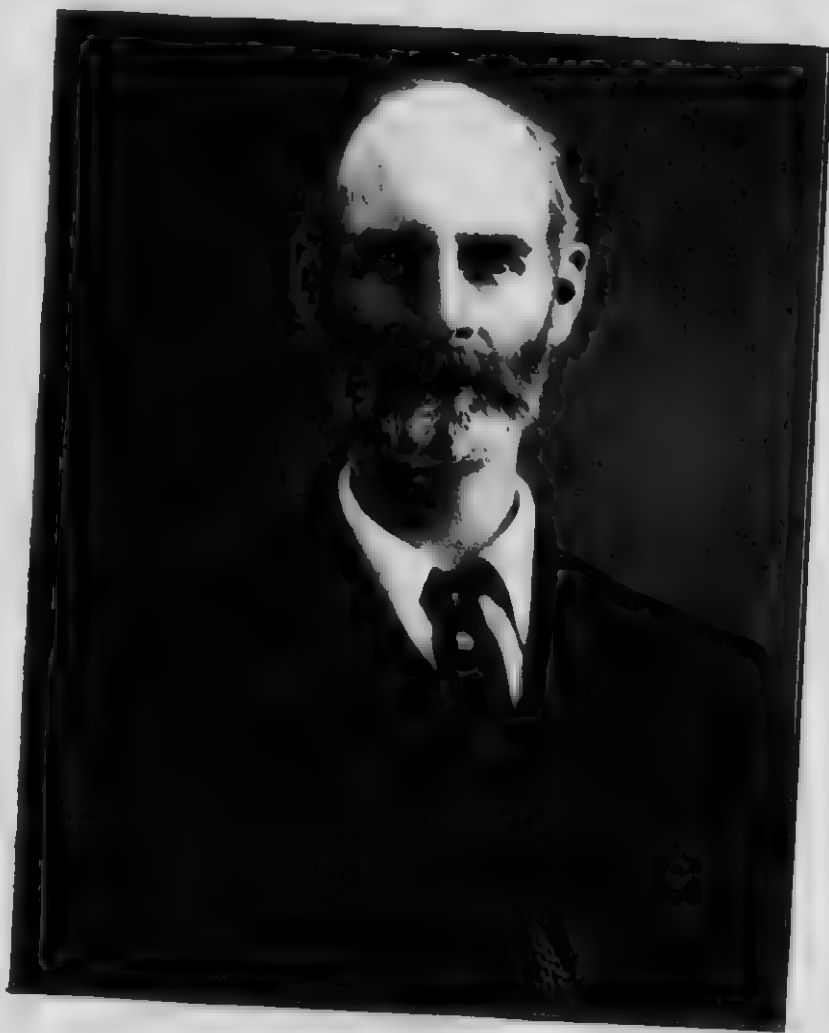
In August, 1884, I went alone to the Engadine, walking up from Chur over the Alberta Pass to Pontresina. There I stayed about two weeks and on one day ascended Pitz Lagard.

Two of my sisters, Eleanor and Frederica, had now been for some time full members of the Community of the Sisters of the Church, so that my eldest sister, Fanny, was living alone in their comfortable little house in Kilburn. She had formed, however, a small but affectionate circle of very real friends, among whom her cousin, Mrs. Hozier, and her friend, Miss Oliver, daughter of Admiral Oliver, and now Mrs. Grove, were the most intimate. Her work in St. Peter's Home was very dear to her, as well as what she was able to do in St. Augustine's Parish. Her pretty little home formed a sort of *rendezvous* for many of the younger cousins, who delighted to visit her.

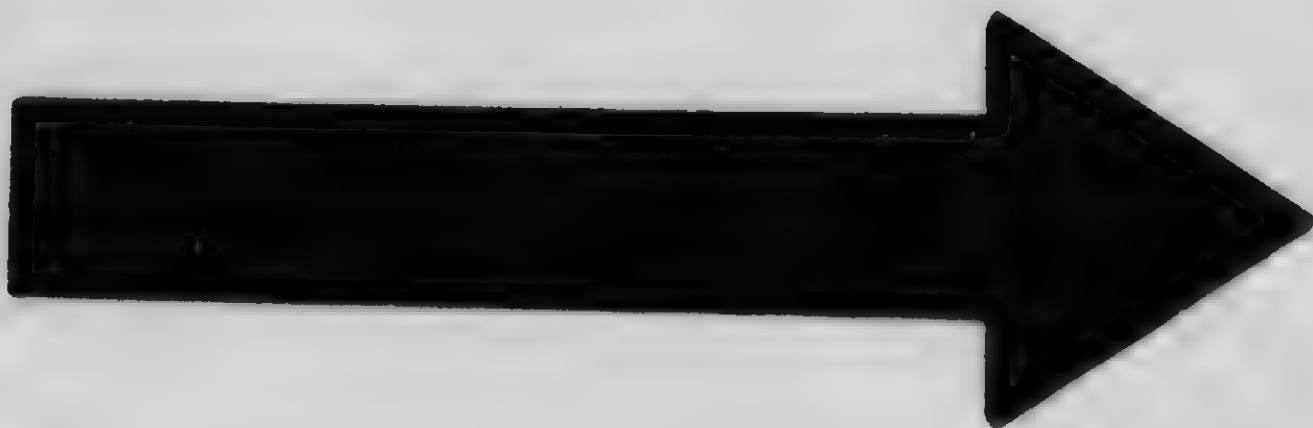
Such, then, was the pleasant home and congenial interests which my sister had gradually made for herself, and it is with a sense of gratitude too deep for words that I recall the wonderful unselfishness which

enabled her so brightly to give up her home and her many friends and the work she loved so dearly, to accompany me across the ocean (which she hated) to the new world. One thing I have always been thankful for, I said no word to suggest this idea to my sister or to urge it upon her. Purely out of the loving self-sacrifice of her own affectionate heart came the prompting, and when in relatively broken health and depressed spirits I was discussing my plans with her, it was a complete surprise when she quietly said, "What would you say to my coming out with you?" From that time we became inseparable and lived together always, save, of course, for certain holiday trips, until the day when it pleased God to call her pure and lovely spirit to Himself, April 11, 1904.

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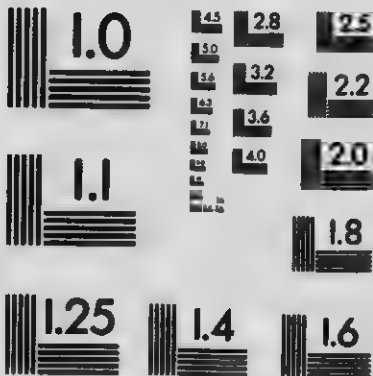


CHARLES BERKELEY PAGET,
Of Revelstoke, B.C.,
Second son of Rev. E. J. Paget.



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CHAPTER XVI.

REMOVAL TO CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

ON October 30, 1884, after many sad farewells to my two sisters and to many friends, we sailed in the old *Circassian*, and after a horribly rough voyage landed at Point Levis. We had a most enjoyable visit to my brother and his family at Rotherwood, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and my sister quickly won her way into the love and friendship of all around. Our two nephews, Edward and Charlie, were then dear little fellows, and Clarence was the baby. I had decided to make Montreal my headquarters for a time, so as to be near St. John's Church and my friends, Mr. Wood and Mr. French. We engaged quaint little rooms with an old couple named Moore on Concord Street, and there spent the winter and spring, 1885. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of dear Mr. Wood and Mr. French and many of their parishioners. It was, I think, about June that we broke up our camp in Montreal and returned to Sutton, and it was on that trip that my sister and I stopped over at Cobourg and drove out to Grafton. We walked through the old place and sat amid the ruins of the home of our childhood, and walked up the hill through our old haunts and on through the wood by the well-remembered trail to the Cottage, and so to the village of Grafton and on by train to Toronto.

Leaving my sister at Rotherwood, where she spent a delightful summer, I took a trip down the river and

up the Saguenay, staying at Ha Ha Bay, Tadousac, and Cacouna, where I met Mr. Hamilton, then Rector of St. Matthew's, Quebec, but shortly to become Bishop of Niagara. No one could fail to be won by his fine and warm-hearted personality. On the same trip, also, I met and renewed my acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Dumoulin, who was later to succeed Bishop Hamilton in the See of Niagara, and also the Rev. Arthur Baldwin, who was travelling with him.

In the autumn of this year, 1885, my sister and I visited the Adirondacks and stayed for some weeks at Warrensburg, not far from Lake George. The great kindness of the Rector, Mr. Ogden, and of some of our neighbours, Miss Burhans and her nieces, made our stay very pleasant. After a brief visit to Boston, Plymouth, and New York we returned to Toronto and spent our Christmas at Rotherwood. My health and nerves were now so much better that I was able to resume light work, and soon after accepted an invitation from Bishop Perry, of Iowa, to a position in connection with the cathedral in Davenport with Dean Hale, who had recently assumed charge of the work there. Miss Paget and I moved to our new home in January, 1886, and we found in Bishop Perry and Dean Hale the kindest and most courteous of friends. It would take too long to describe our first experience of American life and work in the American church, but I cannot withhold my testimony to the extraordinary courtesy and kindness that we met with on every side, as well as the willingness to make allowance for our English prejudices and ways of doing things.

In May, 1886, my sister left me for a trip to Canada and England, and it was not quite decided at the

time whether she would return or not. I travelled with her to Chicago, said good-bye to her there, and, feeling very lonely and low-spirited, went up into Wisconsin and visited the celebrated Dalles near Kilbourn, and then on to Fairmont in Minnesota, where I stayed with some English friends, the Archer-Burtons and Woliastons, and officiated for them on Sunday. I returned to Davenport for July and then paid my brother a visit, travelling by boat from Duluth to Collingwood, and returning the same way. The few holiday weeks on the lake shore were done. It was in September, 1886, that the Bishop asked me to take up the work in the old but decayed parish of Muscatine, and I began services there in October, running down every Saturday from Davenport. I little thought then what the people and the place were to become to us, but little by little the interest grew, the spirit of the congregation revived, and it was evident that a resident priest was needed. Meanwhile my sister had returned from England and was staying at Rotherwood. There after the Christmas services I joined her, and we spent a good old-fashioned family Christmas all together. Soon after our return to Davenport we rented a house in Muscatine and moved down there, to make the dear old town our home for twelve busy and happy years.

Of these twelve years of parish life and work it is impossible to speak in detail; whatever ministerial success and blessing attended them was largely due to the quiet work and personal example and influence of my sister. The affection and esteem which she won from everyone both within and without the Church, was really wonderful, and all the more extraordinary as it was a thoroughly American city and

congregation, and she came among them as a foreigner, unacquainted with the traditions and ways of the country.

To chronicle a few of the outward signs of progress: In 1887, after a delightful summer in England, which we spent together, with visits from many cousins, near Cuckfield, in Sussex, the parish purchased a rectory, which was subsequently enlarged. A year or two later, All Saints' Chapel, on the East Hill, was opened and services regularly held there. A Guild Hall was soon after built upon the ground, which was the generous gift of Mr. T. D. Smith. In 1894 the interior of the church was re-decorated and re-seated, and some coloured windows were given by parishioners. In 1898 good Bishop Perry visited Muscatine and held Confirmation at both churches on Septuagesima Sunday. About two months later he expired quite suddenly from an apoplectic seizure, his excellent wife having died about two years before. Over the anxieties and necessary hard work in connection with the episcopal election which followed I will draw the veil of oblivion; suffice it to say that a tremendous weight was lifted from our hearts when the present excellent Bishop Morrison, then Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Chicago, was unanimously declared elected, on the second ballot, in the second convention. It was not long after this election that an offer came to me of the parish of Revelstoke, B.C., where my brother and his family were living, and we decided, largely for that reason, to make the change. I therefore resigned Muscatine, and Miss Paget and I left the home of twelve years amid expressions of intense and loving regret from our parishioners and friends. A beautiful silk "Stars and Stripes," presented to me

REMOVAL TO THE UNITED STATES 129

by the boys of the Sunday School, remains still as one of my cherished possessions. This was in April, 1899.

Looking back over the fourteen years of my life and work in the United States, certain points stand out prominently. First and foremost the extraordinary friendliness and responsiveness of the people. Although a stranger and foreigner when I arrived, it was but a short time before I felt quite at home and at one with the people in their interests and aims. The Centennial Commemoration of Washington's Inauguration was held in our church and attended by the leading citizens. I delivered the address on the occasion to a most sympathetic audience, and this incident seemed to bind us closer to our fellow-citizens. A few years later I was invited by the local representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic to deliver the patriotic oration in the cemetery on Decoration Day, May 30, and this, too, was a most inspiring occasion. During our sojourn in Iowa I visited a good many parts of the United States. These visits included a trip through Kansas City and Omaha, a visit to St. Louis, New Orleans, and Pas Christian, and a pleasant excursion to Cincinnati, Kentucky, and Seewanie University. Of course Chicago, as being our nearest large city, became very familiar to me, and in 1893 we spent a delightful time there visiting the World's Fair.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

THE somewhat malarial climate of the Mississippi Valley necessitated a change every summer, and Miss Paget and I looked forward to a trip to Canada or England every year. In 1888 we again crossed the Atlantic, and my two sisters in the Sisterhood joined us in a pleasant stay at Ringwood. I rode with a friend on a tricycle from Oxford to Avebury, in Wiltshire, where I visited my dear friend and former tutor, Rev. E. B. Finlay, and his wife, and met that veteran churchman, the Rev. Bryan King, at one time at St. George's in the East.

This visit to Avebury was almost always a feature of my journey to England for several summers, and it was always delightful as bringing back the memory of one's boyhood's days at Folkestone. From Avebury we rode on to Upavon and Stonehenge and so on to Salisbury and Ringwood, following the valley of the Avon almost from its source.

In 1889 I made a delightful trip up the river from Muscatine to St. Paul and back again, where I met my cousin Almeric Paget, who was then in real estate business in St. Paul. Then, later, Miss Paget and I visited Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Marquette and the charming island of Michilimackinack, thence making our way round by North Bay to Sutton on Lake Simcoe.

In 1890 we had both been very ill with influenza and we made a long visit to England, staying at

Exton, near Winchester, where our cousins, the Hasslers, lived, who were kindness and hospitality itself. We also visited Anglesey, and it was during this Anglesey visit that my friend Lord Stamford, formerly William Grey, took me over to Portsea and introduced me to Fr. Dolling. The following Sunday my sister and her friend, Mrs. Grove, and I attended the choral celebration at St. Agnes', and were greatly struck by the congregation of soldiers, sailors and poor folk.

It was this summer that the Sisters of the Church decided to establish a branch in Canada, and my sister Frederica was selected as first Provincial Superior. Miss Paget and I waited in Toronto until she and Sister May, the present Mother Superior, arrived. We met them at the station and entertained them at the Walker House. That was the first step in the work which, with several vicissitudes, has gradually grown until the Sisters have two good schools and centres of work in Toronto and in Ottawa. A school was also begun in Hamilton, but afterwards given up.

My sister spent the summer of 1891 at Sutton, where, also, Sister Frederica paid a visit. I ran over to England for a short holiday so as to be with Sister Eleanor, who was the only one of us left in the Old Country. It was a terribly wet summer, but we managed a few pleasant weeks at Cuckfield.

Miss Paget and I spent the summer of 1892 in Europe, visiting Sister Frederica *en route*. After a pleasant time with Sister Eleanor at Broadstairs, we went on to Switzerland. It was a glorious summer and I shall never forget how we enjoyed our early breakfast at Bâle and the arrival at beautiful Lucerne. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Dent and the following

day took boat for Stanz-stadt and had a most delightful drive up to Engleberg, where we stayed some time at the Hotel Titlis.

We had a good deal of rain, but still contrived to get some good walks in various directions, and the ladies did a good deal of botanizing. Later we went on to Gründelwald over the Brünig Pass, and spent a perfect three weeks there.

On our return journey, Miss Paget and I went up to Mürren and spent the night at the Hotel des Alpes. We always looked back to our early morning start and walk down to Lauterbrunnen in face of the magnificent Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger as among the very cream of our holiday experiences. On our return to England I took charge for a month of my cousin Cecil Paget's parish of Eolt, near Wimborne, and we all enjoyed our stay in the charming country vicarage. Quite near by lived Mrs. Leopold Paget, of Park Homer, and her family, so that we saw a good deal of them, and something of Captain Charles and his children in Bournemouth. It was after this that my sister and I took an unpremeditated run down to Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, when we walked over the Downs to Alum Bay and greatly rejoiced to see this beautiful bit of the island, which we had never visited before. My only regret is that in order to take this trip I cancelled my engagement to visit my dear old friend Finlay, at Avebury, and as he soon afterwards died quite suddenly, I thus lost my last opportunity of seeing him.

The summer of 1893 we spent partly in Chicago at the World's Fair, partly in our first visit with Sister Frederica to beautiful Shanty Bay, near Barrie, which was afterwards to become so dear to us, and partly

on the Lower St. Lawrence at Cap à L'Aigle, where we had a delightful stay in a French farm house. It was a time of hard work and much anxiety to Sister Frederica in getting the work of the Sisterhood well started and supported, and during our visit Dean Lauder, of Ottawa, one of their staunchest friends, called upon us to talk matters over with her. In the following year, 1894, my sister's health suffered from influenza and rheumatism and she sailed for England, with her friend Miss Sibbald, towards the middle of May. I remained on at Muscatine for the re-opening of the church after its redecoration and seating in June, and then followed her. We took, for the first time, the trip through Belgium to Cologne and up the Rhine to Heidelberg, where we met a young American friend, George Cook; thence to Strasbourg and so on to St. Gallen, where we visited our friends and parishioners, the Hon. I. B. Richman and wife (who was the American Consul-General there). After leaving them, Miss Paget and I enjoyed a most delightful and restful time at the Stoos above Brünnen, and it was there that she first really began to regain her normal strength. We spent a few weeks together at Anglesey with Sister Eleanor, and then I sailed from Southampton alone, leaving her for a year of entire rest and change in England.

My brother Berkeley had removed from Sutton to Regina in 1894, where he went into business with his brother-in-law, J. D. Sibbald. In May, 1895, I went up into the Northwest for the first time, and paid him a short visit, and while waiting for my train at Moose Jaw was introduced to Bishop Pinkham, of Saskatchewan and Calgary, little dreaming that he was to be my future Diocesan. In June I

crossed the Atlantic with two young American friends and repeated very much the continental trip of the preceding year, save that we went on to Gröndelwald, where Miss Paget was waiting for me and where we enjoyed two delightful weeks. Miss Paget's health was practically restored and we returned as usual to Muscatine, where she met with a most enthusiastic welcome.

The summer of 1896 we spent with Sister Frederica at Shanty Bay, and then up on Lake Muskoka. There I left my sisters and travelled to Marble Head, where I acted as Chaplain on Children's Island to the Sisters of St. Margaret, who received parties of city children there. I visited friends at Hoosic Falls on my way west and accomplished the whole journey without taking a sleeper, by way of an experiment.

In 1897, Miss Paget and I decided to take my nephew Charlie, a boy of fifteen, over to England with us. My brother had recently lost his youngest boy, Clarence, a dear, loving little fellow, from scarlet fever. Edward, the eldest, had gone on with my brother to Revelstoke and Charlie was rather sad and lonely. He had visited us some years before (1893), and was a particularly bright and affectionate lad.

We paid our usual English visits to Broadstairs and Anglesey, and this year went for the first time to Zermatt, where we had the most delightful stay at the Riffel Alp. Miss Paget had fully regained her walking powers and we had most charming rambles in all directions, climbing the Gorner Grat and having one long day's outing in the northern valley, which still lingers as a delightful memory, and ended with a splendid supper on our return. While at Anglesey

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SISTER ELEANOR CAROLINE PAGET,
Second Daughter of Rev. R. J. Paget.
(Taken at St. Mary's, Broadstairs, 1903.)

I took Charlie over to visit the old ancestral home at Fair Oak, in Rogate, where we were hospitably entertained at lunch by Mr. Drayton, the American tenant. On our return to Montreal Charlie went on direct by the C.P.R. to his family, now settled at Revelstoke, while we returned to Muscatine. On our way we saw dear Sister Frederica, who, we thought, looked worn and ill, but she kept up her work and travelling with indomitable courage until she finally was compelled to be taken to the Hospital, at Christmas time. We were summoned by wire to Hamilton and spent a very anxious time, Miss Paget remaining on with her through the winter. At Easter, 1878, I ran over again for a little visit and on taking leave of her and looking back as she waved farewell, I little realized it was to be the last time I should see her alive.

The necessary operation was skilfully performed in Toronto in June, my sister Fanny having been with her for some time previously, but the shock was too great for her weakened constitution and I was summoned by wire, only to find that she had passed away the previous evening. I need not dwell upon the exceeding kindness of the Rev. Charles Darling, the Sisters of St. John and many friends. We laid her body to rest in the beautiful little churchyard at Shanty Bay, amid scenes she had loved so well. In the following September, after a hard and anxious summer, we paid a visit to my brother at Revelstoke. We spent a delightful Sunday at Banff and greatly enjoyed our first sight of the Rockies and Selkirks. I saw a good deal of the excellent young priest in charge of Revelstoke, Rev. F. Ford, and I little thought that his sad end was so near. Leaving Miss

Paget with my brother, I went on to Vancouver and Victoria, visiting my old friends, the Wollastons, there. Thence I journeyed across *via* Seattle and Portland to Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs, where I took charge of Christ Church for three weeks. Some account of my time there and my visit to Cripple Creek and Denver is given in letters printed in "Under the Shadow of St. Paul's."

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVELSTOKE, 1899-1900.

ON leaving Muscatine, Miss Paget and I spent a quiet week for rest at Shanty Bay; I then saw her on board the *Numidian*, at Montreal, to sail for England. Feeling very sad and lonely, one's roots all freshly torn up from the loved soil of Muscatine, I set my face westward, travelling *via* Chicago, St. Paul and Portal. At Revelstoke I lived that summer in the little shack which did duty as a vicarage, but took my meals with my brother's family. During the summer a chancel was added to the little church and the attendance at the services was good, but it was long before I could lose the feeling of loneliness and almost of exile in being separated from my friends and parishioners of twelve years in dear Muscatine. At the end of August, I decided to take a short run over to England and found Miss Paget in Kilburn lodgings. We almost at once decided to take a trip down to Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, where we found comfortable lodgings and enjoyed a most restful time. There I met, also, my old friend the Earl of Stamford and walked with him over Appuldecombe and St. Catharine's Down, and on another day, from Sandown over Ashe Down to Ryde. It was the beginning of the Boer War, and the *Bavarian*, in which our berths were taken, was chartered by the Government. We therefore returned in the *Teutonic* to New York, and so *via* Toronto to Revelstoke.

The people, true to their promise, had built a substantial brick parsonage, and into this we were soon settled and felt at home among our kind friends. It was a great delight to my sister to be near my brother and his family. Charlie was then telegraph messenger and we constantly saw the dear boy passing on his bicycle, and often he would stop for a few moments to run in and see us. In the winter I have a special recollection of watching little Mary, in her red coat, struggling through the snow to pay "Aunty" a visit. A quiet, steady work went on in the parish and the congregations were fair, but the town was at that time running down, and I found the climate depressing, so that it was really a relief to me personally, though not to Miss Paget, when the Bishop of Calgary wrote, in June, 1900, offering me the nomination of the Parish of Calgary.

We had again to pass through the ordeal of packing up and bidding farewell to our friends and parishioners, who made a kind presentation to us both. Towards the end of August we set out, halting for a day or two at Albert Canyon, where my brother and his little girl Eleanor came up and spent the day. Then a day at Glacier and a few days at Field, which we greatly enjoyed. We walked up to Hector along the railroad and out to Emerald Lake. After a day in Banff, we reached Calgary September 1st, 1900. The first three months we spent in a pleasant house rented from Mrs. Beveridge, and moved into the new Rectory in January, 1901. The following summer Miss Paget and I crossed over for what was to prove the last of our good summer holidays. We stayed, as usual, at Broadstairs for a time and then

decided to spend the summer at the Lakes, which we had never seen and where the Dents were then staying. So in due time Sister Eleanor joined us and we sped away from Euston to the North. Windermere and Ambleside were reached in the afternoon and we found rooms in the same house with our cousins. There we had some glorious rambles in the Wordsworth country and Mr. Dent and I had one or two splendid walks together up Easedale, and on another occasion to the top of Fairfield. We also had many pleasant drives round by Langdale to Dungeon Ghyll, and over to Coniston. I had to run down to Folkestone to preach for my old friend, Rev. C. J. Ridsale, at St. Peter's, and on my way back had an evening in the House of Commons and dined there with Sir Charles Welly, my quondam pupil. Returning from Euston by the night train to Coniston, I met my sisters and the Dents there and after lunch we visited Mr. Ruskin's former home and admired the beautiful collection of pictures.

My old friend, Rev. Sackett Hope, and his delightful family were also at Ambleside, and I joined with them in several picnics, and together we climbed "Coniston Old Man," Helvellyn, and Skiddaw. After the Dents had left for the south we drove over to Keswick and spent a day or two there. Leaving my sisters at Ambleside to return to London, I steamed across the Lake and made my way by the night mail across country to Loughboro and Swithland, our birthplace. There I was kindly received by the Rector and shown the old Rectory where we were all born, the garden which had been the pride of my father's heart and the old church where we were all baptized. This was quite unrestored and hardly changed at all since

the day we left in 1856. At a croquet tournament held in pouring rain, I met a Mrs. William Heygate and one or two others who remembered my father and mother. It was rather a revelation to me of the old-fashioned ideas still prevalent in some of the remote spots in England to find how askance these good people looked at my ordinary clerical dress and stock. The Rector himself was dressed in a grey sporting suit and bowler hat, quite undistinguishable, so far as I could see, from a layman. This was probably a survival of the condition of things when my father was ordained, and enabled one to gauge the great changes that have taken place in the Church since those days.

After this delightful summer Miss Paget and I returned in the *Tunisian* with our friend Mrs. Molson, and were back in Calgary in September. The work in Calgary was constantly growing with the increasing population and congregations. I had a busy autumn, winter and spring. I was still single-handed and the visiting over the large area and the two hospitals was no sinecure. Miss Paget did not want to go away in the summer, but to save up for the following year, but I persuaded her to come up to Lake Louise for two weeks of rest. This she most thoroughly enjoyed, and we had some glorious walks up to "The Saddle," and up to the Lake Agnes, and on to the "Lesser Beehive." Then she went on to my brother's at Revelstoke for a visit while I went east to attend the General Synod in Montreal. On my return we plunged into the autumn work and she threw herself with characteristic energy in to the work of the Women's Guild, of which she was President. A severe attack of influenza laid her up in November

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FREDERICA MARIA PAGET,
My Youngest Sister,
Afterwards SISTER FREDERICA.

and we ought to have taken the warning and have insisted upon her going to Revelstoke or elsewhere for a thorough rest and change. But the work was very pressing and there was a good deal of sickness. She was soon about again and going round as a good Samaritan to visit and cheer the invalids. During Lent I had a slight breakdown with neuritis, and just before Easter a severe attack of tonsillitis. This most unhappily my sister caught, and it reduced her strength alarmingly and left her crippled with severe rheumatism. However, by the third week in May she was sufficiently recovered to start for England, though we took a trained nurse as far as Regina. When we reached Barrie my sister was just able with the help of my arm to walk slowly up to the Queen's Hotel, where we had comfortable rooms.

She began to enjoy the change and to pick up strength, and on Tuesday, May 25th, she was able to go over with me to Shanty Bay. There we lunched at the Rectory with our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and then went up to the churchyard and she looked on while I tidied up Sister Frederica's grave, giving little, gentle, loving touches, as she was able. I can see her now standing quietly there under the beautiful trees looking down at the white cross with the Sister's monogram on it, perhaps thinking (but yet I question it, for she was always of a buoyant disposition) that it was for the last time.

The journey to New York was accomplished successfully, but unfortunately the hotel where we had thought to secure our rooms and to which we checked our baggage had been pulled down and this caused us a good deal of trouble before we were settled. However, once on board the *Lucania* we had a provi-

dentially calm and good passage and Miss Paget was able to attend all the meals and gained strength daily. When Sister Eleanor met us at Euston we were able to go on to Broadstairs, and there for a time I thought all was going to be well, for she was able to walk quite fairly and made expeditions into Margate and Ramsgate. It was, however, a most cold, wet, and windy summer; she caught cold in a trip to Kilburn, and in lodgings at Holmbury met with a severe fall which seemed to bring out the dormant rheumatism. Most fortunately Sister Eleanor was under orders to return with us and take charge of the Canadian Branch of the Sisterhood. In miserably cold, wet weather we reached London, and that afternoon she walked up with me from the lodgings in Cambridge Gardens round some of the old familiar places, I think into St. Augustine's and then to her loved St. Peter's Home. There we found a few of the older sisters that she knew, looking in at the chapel and one or two of the wards where she had been once so welcome a visitor. We had to turn out the cupboard in her old house in Princess Road, in wet, cold weather, getting rid of a number of books and other things. Then she went back and to bed, which she did not leave till we started on our return journey. The discomfort and pain on the ship are sad to recall; every night I used to go in to see her about one or two o'clock. On one occasion in her pain and weakness she broke down and in her sweet unselfishness murmured, "Oh, I wish I hadn't come, I shall be such a trouble to you."

At Montreal, through the great kindness of our friend, Mr. J. D. Molson, we got through and on to the train better than we had feared, and finally at

Toronto managed to get her established in the sisters' house in Beverley Street. In a day or two we took her to St. John's Hospital, where she found every care and treatment. Having thus placed Miss Paget in these good quarters and with Sister Eleanor near at hand, I felt it was my duty to get back to work. It seemed a sad thing to part with her in this state, but we kept up a daily correspondence and it was soon a pleasure to see from her hand-writing and to hear that she was improving. After Christmas I returned east for a month and found her in the Bathurst Convalescent Home greatly improved. She was able to walk and on two occasions we attended St. Thomas' Church together to her great enjoyment, for she had not been able to get to a service since Broadstairs. I well remember her asking me on our return what I thought of the music at the choral celebration, and when I replied I had liked it very much she said, with the sort of inward voice of delight which reminded me so much of our aunt, Miss Thewles, "Oh, I thought it very beautiful, but then I haven't heard any for so long."

Unfortunately, not content to let well alone, we decided to try the baths at St. Catharines Sanatorium. I felt a presentiment that it would not suit her, but she was so brave and determined to try everything. I remained with her there a week and then set out again for my parish. After bidding her good-bye in her room I got into the elevator, and then in a moment she was at the side to take a last look and give a last loving nod and smile. Soon after came the sudden death of our friend, Rev. George Kingston, from pneumonia, a most noble and valuable priest of the Church. Then came almost simultaneously the

death of good old Dr. Sibbald, of "The Briars," Sutton, whom I had visited in January and where I had met the old group of Lake Shore friends.

Just before Easter Miss Paget wrote that she had an attack of illness which weakened her, but nevertheless, was able to return with Sister Eleanor to spend Easter in Toronto. The change from the steam-heated hotel was evidently too much for her, and on Easter Monday, after going out by herself to the eleven o'clock celebration at St. George's Church, she complained in the afternoon of severe pain. This was pronounced by the doctor to be pneumonia, and on Tuesday I received two telegrams which started me east that night. Those who have been through such a journey know what it means, and I was thankful indeed on the Saturday evening to find her quite conscious and able to see me. Sunday passed quietly and sadly with its tale of waning strength. On Monday, the 11th, I celebrated Holy Communion in the Sisters' Chapel and took the Blessed Sacrament up to her room, though she was so weak and seemingly unconscious that it seemed probably useless. Then we witnessed the power of a devout life and habits, for as I pronounced the words she received the sacred wafer and touched the wine with her lips in perfect reverence and understanding. After a day of distressing watching, she fell asleep in Jesus at eleven p.m., Monday, April 11th, 1904, my sister Eleanor and I alone being with her.

The funeral celebration of Holy Communion was in the Sisters' Chapel and the other service at Shanty Bay, where we laid her body to rest beside Sister Frederica.

On my return journey I visited my old friends in Muscatine, where my dear sister had been so greatly loved, and this visit was a very real comfort. The tale of trouble for 1904 was not yet ended, for on July 2nd befell the tragic death by drowning in Lake Sicamous, of my nephew Charlie, which was a terrible grief to all of us. This summer Lord Stamford came over to Canada, and with his usual kindness, knowing of my bereavement, paid me a visit for some days in Calgary. My sister Eleanor came later in the summer and stayed with me and then we both went on to Revelstoke for some time.

CHAPTER XIX.

LATER YEARS AT CALGARY.

THE new Church of the Redeemer was begun in the August of this year and was completed and opened for service the last Sunday in July, 1905.

After the opening, at which the Bishop of Iowa and the Rev. H. Fiennes Clinton were the preachers, the Provincial Synod was held in Calgary, and we had some fine services in the new church. Immediately after this I went east to Ottawa for three weeks to be near Sister Eleanor, and we had a very happy time together.

From Ottawa I went down by boat to Quebec for the General Synod, during which I stayed with my old friend, Dr. Scott, the poet and Rector of St. Matthew's, where my fellow guest was Dr. Richardson, who has since become the Bishop of Fredericton. It was a great relief from the loneliness of my life at the Rectory that about this time one or two friends came to stay with me. Mr. Qua, of the Bank of Montreal, and a skilled musician, lived in the Rectory from the autumn of 1905 to the spring of 1910, when he removed to Toronto. His musical, literary and artistic tastes rendered him a delightful and congenial companion. A young railroad man, Mr. Sidney White, a brother of the Bishop of Honan, was another of the inmates of the Rectory for some time, while D'Oyley Astley, who came somewhat later, is still, I am glad to say, a member of my household.

Since 1905, during the past six years, Calgary has grown by leaps and bounds, and it has been necessary to open five new churches in different divisions of the city. In the summer of 1908 I attended the Pan-Anglican Conference, and owing to the absence of the Bishop of Calgary, was deputed by him to take his part in the great procession of Bishops at the closing service at St. Paul's and to present the Calgary offering at the High Altar. This is probably an honour that falls to very few of the Priesthood, and it enabled me to enjoy the procession and the service as no one in the general congregation could do. I omitted to mention that I was also over in England in 1906 and preached in many churches for our pro-cathedral debt. In both these trips I think that the St. Peter's festival was spent at Folkestone and in 1908 I there joined Lord Stamford in what was to prove our last expedition together. We crossed from Folkestone on a glorious day in the best of spirits, though our enjoyment was marred by a tragic incident—one of the passengers committed suicide by leaping overboard. From Boulogne we took a local express to Hesdins, where we spent the night in one of the simple French country taverns with their excellent meals and *vin de pays*, in which Stamford delighted. The next morning after our usual early promenade to see the church, and our *café au lait*, we took train to Blagnay, and from there walked up through fields and poplar groves to the charming villages, surrounded by their high, thick hedges, of Maison-Celle and Azincourt. At the latter we had *déjeuner* in the little inn, saw the church and walked out to the little grove and monument where some 1,300 of the French who fell in the battle are said to be buried. These

villages of Artois, with their substantial farm-houses and orchards, form a most pleasant picture. Each one stands in a rectangle surrounded by a ditch and high and thick hedges which quite cut it off from the surrounding country, except at the points of entrance. We rested some time on the grass by the roadside and then pursued our way over breezy uplands back to Blagnay sur Turnoise, and so to Hesdins. It was a good long day's tramp, almost worthy of our Oxford days in Brittany. From Hesdins we pushed on through the country districts of Artois and Picardy, where we heard no word of English spoken. Sometimes we took the little narrow gauge *chemins de fer*, and so wound in and out amid the farms and villages in the most quaint and informal way. As we always travelled third class we had a good opportunity of coming into close contact with the prosperous, thrifty and jolly peasantry. Among the more interesting points visited were Perronne, with its fine walks, ponds and park, where we spent some time watching the children playing in the woods. From Perronne we went on to Ham and visited the castle where Louis Napoleon was imprisoned and the door by which he walked out. At Noyens we saw the cathedral pretty thoroughly, including a seventh century MS. of the Gospel. In the town we saw the house where Calvin was born. Here Hugh Capet was crowned King of the Franks, 968 A.D. At Chouansay we got into a little train which darted away from the main line through lovely country. Another little train, a double decker, was waiting to start for St. Gobain, on which the school children were returning home, and all the people seemed so nice and homelike. Arrived at Coucy-le-



THE VERY REVEREND EDWARD CLARENCE PAGET, D.D.,
Dean of Calgary, youngest son of the Rev. E. J. Paget.

Chateau, we walked up the long hill to the grey old village and the Hotel des Ruines, which we found most comfortable, with a capable and energetic landlady. The following day we visited the fine Chateau and climbed to the summit, thus gaining a glorious view of a country so rich, lovely and peaceful that one could understand something of the Frenchman's love for "La Belle France." We then walked across fields to Coucy-la-Ville, and later explored through the woods in another direction. The day had been oppressively hot, and in the evening we left for the very ancient cathedral city of Soissons and put up at the Croix d'Or, an excellent hostelry. Sunday there was a large First Communion and Confirmation at the cathedral, the streets being crowded with boys and girls. Stamford was anxious to go out to Braisné, where there is a good church; here we attended the Missa Cantata, lunched at a little inn, and back in the afternoon. Stamford was a good deal disappointed not to find the same general attendance of the professional men and others at church as he had found in Normandy. On Monday, which was chilly and damp, we visited Compiègne, saw the palace and park, and then went on to Pierrefonds and went over the late Emperor's big castle and slept at the Hotel de L'Enfers. The next day we went on to the ancient city of Senlis, where we noticed a church placarded for sale, and went into the old cathedral and saw a bit of Roman wall. The whole state of the Church in Senlis, the few women and girls at Mass in the grand old cathedral, a perfect type of the devotion of the twelfth century, all seemed to speak sadly of the decay of religion in this part of France. Thence we went on to Chantilly—a bright, bustling town—walked out

to the famous race-course and the palace of the Condés. On to Clermont, where we stopped between trains, walked up a steep hill to lovely woods, and then visited the Town Hall, founded by Charles le Bel, 1290 A.D. We left Clermont by an omnibus train and reached Ailly sur Noire, a funny little village, where we walked round through the quiet grey streets till we found the comfortable little Hotel d'Amiens, where we dined and slept. After a noble bowl of *café au lait* and rolls, we set off on July 16 for Amiens in pouring rain. There we again visited the magnificent cathedral, which my sisters Fanny and Frederica, Ruth Paget and I went through more thoroughly in our visit to Paris in 1878. The large resounding station has many memories of happy journeys in days gone by to Switzerland or Paris, and the cheerful moments snatched to take a bowl of soup or *café*. At Abbeville we enjoyed an excellent *déjeuner*, and then went on by a little winding "economic railway" to the village or market town of Crécy. There we had to walk up through rain to the comfortable little inn of the "Cannon d'Or." The rain held up for a time, so we visited the interesting church, posted some letters, and then I walked to the next village, passing *en route* the site of the ancient windmill whence Edward III. watched the battle in 1346. The rain came on and I got rather wet on the way back. My bag, which was checked on here, had been left behind at Abbeville. Dear Stamford, with his wonted unselfishness, walked down to the station to see about it, and soon returned with it, it having arrived by the next train. We regretted the continual rain, as there is lovely country about Crécy, and the place itself is full of interest. The Cannon d'Or is very comfortable and clean, kept by an old couple and a little

maid who looks about fifteen and seems to do most of the work. We walked up again to the *moulin* of Edward III., which has only been pulled down within the last twelve years, and from which there is a superb view, especially of the wide fields in front where the battle raged and where the Black Prince won his spurs.

After paying our moderate bill we walked out past the station about a mile to the Cross which marks the spot where King John of Bohemia surrendered. We left Crecy about ten in the morning, winding through rich and pretty country to Noyelles. Thence we took the branch to the little harbour and bathing place of Crotoi, at the estuary of the Somme, lunched there, and strolled on the beach, but the high, cold wind and sand spoilt the pleasure. Leaving Crotoi at 5.14, we went *via* Noyelles to the pretty little port of Ste. Valerie on the other side of the Somme. After dinner we saw the church and took a stroll on the *Place* through the showers.

The next morning, September 18, we left Ste. Valerie, *via* Noyelles, for Boulogne, and after our last *déjeuner* together, sailed for Folkestone, where we landed in pouring rain, a great contrast to the glorious weather of our setting out. Stamford hastily secured his second-class seat in the London express, where I presently found him, and we just shook hands and parted in the most casual manner. I see I have entered in my diary "Said good-bye to him . . . wondering when I shall see him again. We have had a delightful trip together and great fun." Little did I think, when I took the last look at him in the train and remembered his briskness, vigour and overflowing humour, that I should never see him in this world again.

CHAPTER XX.

VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1910.

IN 1909 Sister Eleanor again paid me a visit and went on to Revelstoke. In 1910 I was elected President of the Canadian Club at Calgary, having previously been Chaplain and First Vice-President, with Mr. R. B. Bennett as President. It was a very interesting experience, and one had the opportunity of meeting and conversing with some eminent men—our Governor-General, Lord Grey, who lunched with and addressed the Club in 1909, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who did so in 1910, and others.

In the summer of 1910 I spent two months in England making the usual round of pleasant visits with cousins and friends, and preaching at the Festival of St. Peter's, Folkestone. I have felt that my frequent visits across the Atlantic may have made me somewhat of a burden to the many kind and hospitable homes that have always been open to me, but if that has been the case my hosts have certainly never given any hint of the fact.

Calgary has sprung during the past few years into a fine and influential city. I feel it an honour to have been called to serve in the Church for so many years in her midst.

THE END.

APPENDIX

*Letter of My Grandmother, the HONOURABLE LADY
PAGET, from Fair Oak, to My Father at Swithland
Rectory. (Among my father's papers.)*

15th June, 1843.

WELL, MY DEAR BOY,—

I have been kept pretty much upon the *qui vive* lately, but I hope I shall have some quiet.

Charles and wife and boy started at ten o'clock this morning for the new house at Southsea. I have done my best to try and make him comfortable—sent old Dolly down on Monday to put the house in order.

If, please God, the weather is fine we shall have a splendid crop of hay on the front lawn this year, and the little meadows. We have a good many head at this time, so did not put up more.

We have our own lamb, mutton (both exquisite), beautiful pickled pork and plenty of it, bacon, etc. Things looking beautiful, cows doing well, and . . . horses ditto. Trotted off to-day in style with the girls and Charles and Co. I expect them home from Portsmouth by eight, and have a beautiful leg of Southdown roasting at the fire and a pretty tart. I have had a good pull upon the purse these last two months—pretty many to feed—and I expect Louie and all hers next week for three weeks.—After that I shall, God willing, go to little Car. . . .

The seal impression I wanted is in order to place it on the top of a tablet which I am putting in our little church to the memory of my dear husband. I believe it is usual to do so. I never saw but a drawing of one which Mrs. Brigstock gave your good father,

which she had placed at Canterbury to the memory of her husband, so I suppose from that it was the right thing to do.

Our rents, I hear, will be tolerably well paid—I hope so.

God bless you, dear boy.

Love from us three to you three. Jane was pleased to hear from you. Bessy is quite well and looking so; would enjoy her garden but for the very wet weather. But, please God, I trust we are going to have a good bright change.

Always the loving and devoted Madre.

E. PAGET.

(Lady Paget died August 17, 1843).

NOTE.—This was the year of my grandmother's death. Her eldest son, Captain Charles Paget, who left two sons, my cousins Charles and Fitzclarence, died at Southsea in 1845. Horace, a midshipman, had been wounded at the Battle of Navarino, in 1829, and had died at sea. Brownlow, the youngest son, was a naval lieutenant on the *Dublin*, and died at sea in the February of this year. His death was a great shock to Lady Paget and the whole family. I remember my father and my Aunt Georgie Kennedy speaking of him. Of the daughters, my Aunt Car was married to the Honourable Algernon Capel, a brother of the Earl of Essex, and had a numerous family; Bessie married Captain Berners later, and she and Jane are the two daughters at home, of whom my grandmother writes. My Aunt Louie, Mrs. Broadhead, had a large family, and of her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Dent, these "Reminiscences" frequently speak as being for years on terms of affectionate intimacy with us. My Aunt Georgie married Captain Kennedy, and my Aunt Frederica died at the age of thirteen.

*Letter from My Great-uncle, GENERAL THE HONOUR-
ABLE SIR EDWARD PAGET, G.C.B., from Cowes
Castle to my father at Swithland
Rectory (among my father's
papers).*

COWES CASTLE, January 23rd, 1844.

MY DEAR GOOD NED,—

I delayed thanking you for your letter till I could tell you the probable fate of the picture, concerning which you were so kind as to write to me. Not being able to purchase it myself, I wrote to Lord Anglesey to tell him that this picture was to be sold the 24th of this month, and I had the pleasure to receive a letter from Lord Anglesey yesterday from Up. Park telling me that he had taken steps to secure it. This pleases me right well, as I would not for the world it had gone out of the family.

I have not yet heard from Mr. Moxon upon the subject referred to in your letter, but you may be assured that I shall be ready and anxious to carry your wishes into effect as far as depends upon me. With respect to trustee matters I never act upon my own judgment, but am always regulated by the opinion of my law advisers. . . .

The state of my eyes, which are become nearly useless to me, prevents my writing for myself.

With love from all here to you. Believe me,

My dear Ned,

Ever most affectionately yours,

E. P.

CANADA.

*Verses written by my eldest brother, Horace, while
quartered at Shorncliffe or at Walmer, about
1867 or 1868, or perhaps somewhat earlier.*

Oh, Canada, dear Canada, thy shores,
Though distant, still to my mind's eye they seem
Bright and distinct as Thought her current pours
Along the tide of memory's mingled stream,
Yet oft appear to me but as a dream
Of pleasure past and never to revive,
Which o'er those years had shed a gentle gleam
Of quiet happiness. Now I strive
To win myself a place in England's bustling hive.

Thy scenes of varied beauty, hill and lake,
Which with the changing seasons of the year
Change also; yet in changing still they take
Fresh forms of beauty—now cool and severe
Beneath stern winter's grasp, yet still appear
Of equal loveliness as when o'erspread
With all the wealth of summer tints, while clear
And pure as crystal, the sky o'erhead,
Now dazzling with noon's rays, now tinged with even-
ing red.

And thou, loved Lake, well named Ontario,
Of all those scenes of beauty still the best,
Thy memory shall follow me where'er I go,
Rising at quiet moments in my breast
And ever there be found a welcome guest.
As long as love of nature's left to me
The thought of thee in moonlight shadows dressed—
Thy silver expanse spreading like a sea—
Or fierce with raging winds, shall ever cherished be.

For seven years I've lived upon thy shores,
There grown from boyhood up to manhood, there
Learned to love Nature and her hidden stores
Of pleasure for all those who care
To seek her, and have learned that all is fair
Within this world of ours when viewed aright,
And that she freely gives to those who dare
To seek her, happiness and pleasures bright,
And these to take away shall pass man's utmost might.

FANNY ELIZABETH PAGET.

The subjoined brief sketch of the life of my eldest sister is taken from "The Church Times" of June 3, 1904.

On the Monday after Low Sunday, April, 1904, at the Toronto Home of the Sisters of the Church, and in her fifty-ninth year, there passed to her rest a gentle, unselfish and loyal daughter of the Church of England. Miss Paget, one of six children, and the eldest of the three daughters, was born in her father's rectory, Swithland, Leicestershire, May 24, 1844. As the grand-daughter of Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir Charles Paget, and of General Thewles, Miss Paget inherited the unflinching sense of duty which is the tradition of both the Services, while from earliest childhood she imbibed the deep but unostentatious spirit of devotion which is the truest characteristic of the Church of England. From very early years the eldest daughter loved to care for the younger children, and while still a young girl, with her sisters, nursed her mother with untiring devotion through a long, painful illness, and soon after her death in 1867 was called upon to perform the same filial duty for her father during the two years of helpless suffering which preceded his death, August 30, 1869.

The shock of a terrible grief, the sudden death from pneumonia of her idolized eldest brother while with his regiment at Malta in this same spring, broke down Miss Paget's health for a time, but on removing with her sisters and younger brothers to Kilburn she gradually regained her strength.

In Kilburn the three sisters soon became members of St. Augustine's congregation, and were drawn into various departments of its wonderful work. Miss F. E. Paget became an Associate of St. Peter's Home in Mortimer Road, and one of the regular workers there, besides having her district in the Parish. One of the senior Sisters recalls in a recent letter their working together in the wards in 1872, and speaks



SHANTY BAY CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

A little to the right is the cross marking the graves of Miss F. E. Paget
and the Sister Frederica M. Paget.

warmly of her loyalty to the Community, which deplores her death. Only last summer [1903], in the last weeks she was ever to spend in England, Miss Paget visited the Home, chapel and wards, and found some who remembered her. After her younger sisters, Eleanor and Frederica, had joined the Community of the Sisters of the Church, Miss Paget lived on alone, engaged in various church works, with a pleasant circle of relations and friends to whom she was very dear.

But in 1884 she gave up her home and her work to accompany her youngest brother, the present Dean of Calgary, to America. With characteristic energy and unselfishness Miss Paget threw herself into the new conditions of her life and won the esteem and enduring affection of the parishioners in Muscatine, in the State of Iowa, where the brother and sister worked so long together, and subsequently at Revelstoke, B.C., and Calgary in Alberta.

By nature singularly bright and affectionate, with a keen sense of humour, Miss Paget was also a good judge of character, and while of that school of English ladies which shrinks from all publication or notoriety, her unseen influence for good was marvellous. In her home life she loved flowers and gardening, and Nature in her many aspects; the height of enjoyment was for the brother and sister to get away to Switzerland during a summer vacation, where the long walks among the mountains, and the discovery of flowers and ferns, were a never-ending source of delight.

A brief attack of pneumonia, seizing upon a constitution never robust, ended a life which was nothing but a benediction to all around her, in the glorious Eastertide, and her body is laid to rest beside her youngest sister, the late Sister Frederica of the Sisters of the Church, in Shanty Bay churchyard, on the shores of Lake Simcoe.

Such a quiet life, lived loyally and in utter unselfishness, for Christ and for others, may surely rank as one of the genuine fruits of the true teaching and practice of the Church of England. R. I. P.

The subjoined lines, written by a lady of our Muscatine parish, accompanied the Ladies' farewell gift to Miss Paget of a pin set with a fine Mississippi pearl.

"THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE."

No pearl of fabulous price we bring,—
Only a simple offering,
Silently grown at our very door,
Redeemed from the waves that wash the shore
Of the Father of Waters.

Emblem of all that is perfect and pure,
That the lustre of virtue and love ensure,
Just fitted, dear Lady, for one like you—
So rich in good deeds—so tender and true.

You have shared all our sorrows,
You have known all our cares,
You're the "Angel" that we've "entertained un-
awares."

Then wear it!—'tis only the faintest device
Of the jewel all crave, "The Pearl of Great Price."

MARY A. GORDON.

Muscatine, April 18, 1899.

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